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THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION: EVENING FÊTE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LONDON HOSPITALS—THE PRINCESS OF WALES SELLING FLOWERS.

THE HEALTH EXHIBITION

A LOOK ROUND.

By George Augustus Sala.

"When the Great Exhibition of 1851," remarked Mr. John Hollingshead in his Introduction to the Official Illustrated Catalogue of the International Exhibition of 1862, "was first put in motion, its promoters knew little of the probable success of such a display—of the extent to which it would be supported by visitors, or visited by the public. They could only be encouraged by the records of certain exhibitions which had been merely national in character and design. They were fed upon statistics, more or less reliable, which sometimes led them to hope, sometimes to despair. They had to overcome the apathy of many supporters, and to check the wild enthusiasm of others. Their administrative mechanism—with the exception of the Society of Arts—was all new; and it creaked, and occasionally stuck fast, until all the parts settled down in their appointed places, and were smoothed by action and hard work." Mr. Hollingshead did not by any means exaggerate the gravity of the many doubts and difficulties which beset the inception of the World's Fair of 1851. It was, indeed, a "leap in the dark" of the extremest, but, as the result proved, of the happiest audacity; and I am not at all certain that contemporary historians have done full justice to the devotion, the intrepidity, and the indefatigable energy of the chosen band of workers who assisted the Prince Consort in bringing to a consummation of unexampled splendour one of the noblest and most enlightened enterprises of the nineteenth century. Posterity, nevertheless, will not cease to hold in honour the memory of the Executive Committee of the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations in the year 1851—Henry Cole, Charles Wentworth Dilke, Francis Fuller, George Drew, Robert Stephenson (subsequently replaced by Lieut.-Colonel Reid), and their secretary, Matthew Digby Wyatt. There were a great many worthy people in 1851 (in addition to the late estimable Colonel Sibthorpe, whose dislike to the Palace of Glass and all that was in it reached the proportions of a craze) who by no means approved of the Exhibition; and who, as Mr. Hollingshead has pointed out, "expected that London would be ravaged at will, and planted with many varieties of new diseases; who looked for the tomahawk in Hyde Park, the stiletto in Cheapside, and dirt, strange costumes, and stranger manners everywhere. Unmanageable crowds were pictured assembling in the chief thoroughfares to make the Exhibition a stalking-horse for root and plunder. Wild fears provoked over-caution in the laying out of plans, and the Army and the Police were concentrated as if for an internal war. When the statistics of 1851 came, however, to be gathered together, it was found that there had been less crime, less disorder, and fewer accidents than the annual average." It is, for many reasons, I think, highly expedient, on taking a look round at the International Health Exhibition of 1884, to recall the uncertain and tentative manner in which the World's Fair of 1851 was launched on a career which was destined to be so extraordinarily successful.

The pomp and circumstance of the inaugural ceremony on May Day, '51, will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to behold that sumptuous pageant. As though the event were of the day before yesterday, there rise before me the actors in the momentous drama—the Queen; the Prince Consort, in Field Marshal's uniform; the little Princess Royal (she was eleven), bearing a huge bouquet; the tinier Prince of Wales (he was ten), in the Highland dress; and the good old Archbishop of Canterbury holding up his hands in benediction—all on the great dais by the central transept, with the immense overhanging silk baldachin suspended from the roof of Paxton's House of Glass. And the two time-worn heroes, Wellington and Anglesey, walking arm-in-arm in the procession through the nave! And the sham Chinese Mandarin impudently offering his hook-nailed fingers to the veterans of Waterloo, to Ambassadors and Cabinet Ministers. Her Majesty at last took notice of the "bogus" Mandarin (who was supercargo of a Chinese junk which some American speculator had brought into the Thames), and commanded that he should be placed in a position where he could see all the grand pageant at his ease. And the final thundering out of the Hallelujah Chorus! The scene seems to be etched, as it were, into the memory with an acid of treble-biting power. I have seen the opening and the closing of a great number of International Exhibitions, in most parts of the world, since May Day, 1851; but I have no such particular recollection of the aspect and the contents of any one of these gatherings as I have of those of the House that Paxton built—of Hiram Power's Greek Slave, and Rafaelle Monti's Slave that was veiled; of the model of Liverpool, and the malachite doors in the Russian section; of the historical picture drawn by a clergyman with a red-hot poker on a deal board; of the Koh-i-noor (uncut), and the Queen of Spain's jewels; of Osler's Crystal Fountain and the Royal Robing-Room fitted up by Jackson and Graham (they also had furnished the silken canopy of the dais), and the Comical Creatures from Wurtemburg. Doubtless, although the Exhibition of 1851 was so prodigiously successful, it failed to fulfil in some particulars the hopes of the most enthusiastic of its devotees. It was to inaugurate the Thousand Years of Peace. No weapons of war were exhibited. Richard Cobden, President of the Peace Congress, was present on the opening day; but before the year was out the streets of Paris were running with blood, and the Foundation of an Empire was being laid which was to collapse, nineteen years afterwards,

in the midst of one of the most sanguinary and ruinous wars of modern times. Strong efforts were made to retain the Exhibition building as a permanent addition to the attractions of Hyde Park. It was proposed to turn it into a vast winter garden, into a national art museum, into a riding-school; but the House of Commons, like a child tired of a too-handsome toy, evinced, in the late autumn, a sulky eagerness to get rid of the glittering fane which had glorified our dingy metropolis during the summer; and the motion to keep the Exhibition building standing was almost angrily rejected. It was transported, as all men know, to Sydenham, there to be the means of creating an entirely new neighbourhood, and to introduce a practically new element into English society and manners. And, curiously enough, although the ill temper of Parliament compelled the removal from the Park of Paxton's palace of wonders, the influence of the Great Exhibition of 1851 has, from that day to this, been in that immediate neighbourhood morally and physically felt. Westward and southward of where the palace stood a wholly new and splendid quarter has arisen.

The World's Fair in Hyde Park was literally "the making" of South Kensington. The Brompton lanes—so verdant, so smiling in summer, so desperately dark and muddy in winter—disappeared. Lady Blessington's old mansion, erst the habitation of William Wilberforce, and which was transformed during the Exhibition season by Alexis Soyer, the cook, into a cosmopolitan restaurant or Symposium, was finally rased to the ground; and in its stead arose that towering and imposing circular structure the Royal Albert Hall, which someone has compared to "Hanover-square squeezed into a jelly mould"; the Royal Horticultural Society came from Chiswick to occupy the gardens at the rear of the Hall; then came the building of those "Brompton Boilers," the humble beginnings of the South Kensington Museum and National Art Training Schools, which have now grown into an immense University of which the neighbouring Indian Museum, the National Portrait Gallery, the Royal College of Music, the Guilds' Technical Institute, the National Training School for Cookery, and, last, the New National History Section of the British Museum, are all, more or less, so many succursals. The International Fisheries Exhibition of 1883, and the International Health Exhibition of the present year, have contributed to, albeit they by no means crown, the great edifice of scientific, artistic, and technical education which has sprung up in the immediate vicinity of the vanished structure of 1851. Nave and transept, walls and roof, trusses and girders, have disappeared; but the *genius loci* has not abandoned the site, and is yet actively beneficent there.

And now, if you please, we will revert to the International Health Exhibition, which—under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen and the presidency of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—was opened on the Eighth of May last. I will assume, for the moment, that I have a Captious Friend (as a matter of fact, I have numerous friends who are very captious indeed); and that such an individual, apt to cavil, to find fault, and to raise objections, returning from a Look Round in which he has just indulged himself at the Health Exhibition, takes exception to the title, "Health Exhibition," altogether. "Sir," I will suppose my Captious Friend to say, "it is authoritatively announced that the principal objects comprised in the exhibition relate to and are intended chiefly to illustrate such matters as Food, Dress, the Dwelling, the School and the Workshop, as affecting the conditions of Healthful Life, as also the most recent appliances for elementary school teaching in applied Science, Art, and Handicrafts. So far so good. I have inspected with interest and approval many specimens of prepared and unprepared animal and vegetable substances, of beverages that are alcoholic and beverages that are non-alcoholic. I have visited dairies with real cows and real milk-maids. I have seen bread and pastry made and baked. I have seen Cookery practically demonstrated in economical workmen's kitchens, restaurants, bakeries, and cafés. I have looked at many pots and pans, gridirons and toasting forks, ovens and kitchen ranges. I have been made aware of a vast amount of sanitary engineering. All these things have, undeniably, a great deal to do with health. Then, also, I have pursued arduous investigations on the subject of dress as illustrated in the Exhibition. The figures displaying the history of our National Costume have edified me greatly. I have derived much information from the study of waterproof clothing, of furs, skins, and feathers, and of the machinery and appliances for manufacturing wearing apparel. Everything that belongs to the Dwelling House—from ventilators to electric lighting, from wall paper to wash-hand basins, from gas-meters to candles, from fire engines to filters—of course pertains to the science of sanitation. Education? Well, text-books, diagrams and examples, toys and kindergarten amusements, desks, forms, blind-school books, and literature statistics and diagrams demonstrating the effects of "cramming," have all a secondary if not a primary relation to health. But, Sir (you must remember that it is my Captious Friend who is talking: I am only reporting his words), what have all these brass bands, these nocturnal fêtes, these flower-shows and flower-sales, these Chinese Courts, palanquins, lanterns, and 'chow-chows,' these 'twenty-thousand additional lamps,' these American juleps, ice-creams, and sherry-cobblers that I hear about got to do with Health and an Exhibition in connection therewith?" "My dear Sir," I would deferentially reply, when my interlocutor had exhausted his list of complaints, "in the first place, you should not, under any circumstances, be captious. Life is not long enough for cavilling. In the next place, allow me to draw your attention to the catalogue of a very early International Exhibition—one held, indeed, so long ago as 1699, in the Public Theatre at Leyden. The remarkable display in question comprised such 'exhibits' as a Norway house built of beams without mortar or stone, a mermaid's hand, a crocodile, and several thunderbolts; a pair of Lapland breeches, and a pair of Polonian boots, with a murdering knife used in England, whereon was written 'Kill the males, roast the females, and burn the whelps.' The Leyden Exhibition also boasted of a Roman lamp, burning

always under ground, a Persian tobacco-pipe, the dried stomach of a man, and a mushroom said to be a hundred years old. Take, in addition to these, Leyden "curios," East Indian coral trees, Arabian jewels, Egyptian linen, Chinese songs on Chinese paper, a pot of China beer, the snout of a saw-fish, and the skin of a woman "prepared like leather." Now, if just a sprinkling of philosophy be mingled with your consideration of these objects, it may frankly be conceded that the Leyden display of 1699 had within it the germs of a Health Exhibition of the most comprehensive character. The "Norway House, built with beams without mortar or stones." That clearly formed the centre of what may be looked upon as the Dwelling-House Group of the Dutch Health Exhibition. The "Norway House" may have exercised considerable influence over the minds of the Batavian builders and plasterers, the carpenters and joiners of the period. And mark that period. In 1699. Great Britain was ruled by a Dutch King; and to the wisdom and humanity of that sovereign's English consort England certainly owes a very appreciable infusion into her domestic economy of what may be termed "Dutch cleanliness." The "Old London," of which a single street, reproduced with wonderful intelligence and fidelity, forms, owing to the public spirit and the liberality of the City Guilds, so notable an addition to the attractions of the Health Exhibition of 1884—that Old London, the simulacrum of which we find so quaint, so dainty, and so picturesque, and of which the original was mainly burned down in the Great Fire of 1666, was an extremely filthy city, inhabited by a people of exceptionally dirty habits. Domestic cleanliness was sedulously promulgated by Queen Mary II., who had lived long in Holland, and had noted with admiration what notable housewives were to be found at the Hague. One of her Dutch chaplains may have preached before her that edifying sermon in which Heaven was described as a very bright, spruce, sweet-smelling place, where rubbing and polishing, scrubbing and scouring, went on for ever and ever.

We gained something else by the Revolution of 1688 besides the Bill of Rights. Dutch mops and brooms, hearth-stone and furniture-polish, Dutch tiles and Dutch clocks first began to be conspicuous in this country at the close of the seventeenth century. Our Charity Schools were borrowed from Holland. The Dutch taught us how to make table linen, and whence to procure surplices for our clergymen and sheets for our beds. I will say nothing about Dutch dolls, Dutch ovens, Dutch cheese, and Dutch metal—without which the transformation scenes in our Christmas pantomimes would be shorn of half their splendour. The importance of those boons is obvious. Take again the "mermaid's hand," the "crocodile," and "several thunderbolts." Do you mean to tell me that such articles might not form thoroughly legitimate features in a modern Health Exhibition? Mermaids, to begin with, may be regarded as models of personal cleanliness. They do not trouble themselves about the Department of Dress; but they are continually combing their flowing locks and generally "tidying" themselves. Still, a mermaid's hand may be liable upon occasion to be smirched by contact with an inky cuttlefish, or abraded by a sharp shell. What then could be more judicious from a Healthful point of view than to exhibit a mermaid's hand as an inducement and encouragement to the Pears of the period to devise some specially subtle soap worthy to be considered as the forerunner of the saponaceous phenomenon which in after generations was to give additional softness, silkiness and lustre to the palms of a Patti, a Mary Anderson, and a Langtry, to say nothing of the aid which it might unobtrusively offer to the fervid oratory of a Baccher? Soap as well as honey is an essential element in a particular kind of pulpit eloquence. As for the crocodile, it is almost a waste of words to point out what that deceitful reptile has to do with a Health Exhibition. Suffice it to say that for unnumbered ages he has been accustomed to bathe in the mud of the Nile; and mud baths are by some physicians held to be very conducive to health. Again, excellent boots, shoes, and helmets can be made out of crocodile hide. As regards the "several thunderbolts" at Leyden, I hold their presence there to be altogether justifiable, since I find that a Meteorological Department forms an important feature of the Health Exhibition. There is a large gathering of meteorological instruments, such as those used in climatological investigations; barometers, thermometers, aneroids, earth-thermometers, rain-gauges, sunshine-recorders, and ozone papers. Messrs. Watson and Sons, of High Holborn, exhibit an instrument by means of which the exact temperature can be observed at a glance, even if the observer be twenty or thirty yards distant; while Messrs. Dring and Fage, of the Strand, are strong in registered chart barometers, new floating bath thermometers, hydrometers, and saccharometers; Messrs. Denton, of Hatton-garden, exhibit unalterable health-thermometers, constructed in a special manner, by which the zero is made constant by the mercury, from age, never altering nor reading too high; and Lieut.-Colonel Hartshorne shows a hygrometer adapted to show adaptations of atmospheric pressure. These delicate minutiae of the apparatus of meteorological science may fairly be associated (bringing down your quarry with a very long shot is a practice quite permissible in the economy of modern exhibitions) with the "several thunderbolts" at Leyden one hundred and eighty-five years ago. Have you any quarrel, again, with "the skin of a woman prepared like leather?" Why, one of our best bookbinders, Mr. Zaelnsdorf, has (not in the Health Exhibition) a book bound in human skin. The desiccation of the skins "like leather" even of some living women might be advantageous to those poor creatures whose ruffianly husbands are in the habit of beating them. Were their skins more leathery, they would not feel the conjugal "hiding" so sorely. The "Lapland breeches," and the pair of "Polonian boots," speak for themselves. The Hon. Louis Wingfield will at once recognise them as integral parts of the Health Exhibition in connection with dress. The "mushroom more than a hundred years old" has an unmistakable Health Exhibition reference to "Conserves alimentaires," canned salmon, tomatoes and truffles, Pasandu ox-tongues,

the Committee of Importers of Australian Frozen Mutton, Huntley and Palmer's climate-defying biscuits, and John Moir's preserved soups, tinned hams, jellies, and whole fruit confitures. I do not even give up as un-Health-Exhibitional the model of the murdering knife found in England, whereon was written "Kill the males, roast the females, and burn the whelps." That I take to have been an allegory of the Liberty of the Press which was certainly found in England. In the "murdering knife" was dimly foreshadowed the *Lancet*, which for years and years has "had its knife" into the adulterators of food, the owners of unhealthy houses, and the propagators of infectious disease.

There were unconscious prophets at Leyden. They were foretellers of the time when Dr. Benjamin Richardson, in "The Field of Disease," in the "Ministry of Health," and in the "Asclepiad," should wield a humanely "murdering knife," and wage constant war against intemperance, stupidity, and slovenliness, so as in the end to kill delirium tremens, and roast smallpox, and burn the whelps of Typhus. The "Roman lamp always burning underground" was clearly the precursor of the innumerable lamps to be found in modern exhibitions, Healthful and otherwise. The still small flame of the perpetually incandescent Roman lamp pointed to the very grand array of illumination which dazzles us at the Health Exhibition—Electric Lighting; Price's Patent Candle Company, with its arsenal of candles, tapers, and night-lights; Varley's patent carbons, made in wool, plates, shields, coils, cords and rods, rigid and flexible, in arc lamps giving greatly increased light, with maximum subdivision. "Varley's Patents Proprietary" exhibit, among other apparatus connected with incandescence, "a true unipolar, continuous current dynamo, without commutator, having its armature rotating in an annular magnetic fluid." The wonderful abracadabra of technical terms does not take my breath away. I can read of Varley's "white magic" with as much equanimity as I do of Field's beeswax, spermaceti, stearic acid, ozokerite, paraffine and distilled palmo (composite) candles; of J. and C. Christie's specialty new duplex burners, self-lighting and self-extinguishing; of J. A. Muller's model of apparatus for producing light and fuel from rice-husks; of Samuel Clarke's patent pyramid nursery lamp food-warmers and pyramid night-lights, and of the Albo-Carbon Light Company's apparatus for increasing the strength and richness of gas-lighting. These are all truly prodigious accessories of civilization; but there were strong men before Agamemnon; and had not the (unconscious) Health Exhibition at Leyden its Roman lamp "which burned always underground"? It was exhibited in companionship with "the stomach of a man." Another obvious forecast of what we may expect to see in future Health Exhibitions. Is not some ingenious physician perfecting (if, indeed, he has not already perfected) an instrument with which, by means of a small lamp and an elaborate arrangement of reflectors and refractors, the doctors will be enabled to take a complete survey of the inmost recesses of our stomachs; nay, more, explore the interior of the little finger, and peer into the penetralia of the great toe? As for the "Arabian jewels," the "East Indian coral trees," the "Egyptian linen," the Chinese songs on Chinese paper, the "pot of China beer," all I can say is that if these exhibits at Leyden were not component parts of a Health Exhibition, the carved black rosewood cabinets, the tables decorated with gold lacquer, the Shiliyama work which Japan has contributed to the Health Exhibition of 1884; the "Kneiff" and arrack punch sent by Perssen and Cronzell of Helsingborg; the Gothic church window made of coloured gelatine leaves, contributed by the Gelatine Manufactory of Winterthur, Switzerland; the Trappist Monks' Eucalyptus liqueur (I have tasted it at the monastery of the Tre Fontane in the Roman Campagna: it cures the Roman fever, and is strong enough, figuratively speaking, to blow the top of your head off); the corals and turtle ornaments of Signor Antonio da Caro of Naples; the "outfit of a naval cadet," sent by the Russian Ministry of Marine; the Russian furs exhibited by Mr. Grundvaldt, of St. Petersburg, have nothing to do with a Health Exhibition. The plain truth is (and I daresay that you arrived at it long ago, when, for a tolerably obvious purpose, I began to draw a parallel between the humble show of rarities in the Dutch town and the colossal assemblage of objects in the Exhibition-road) that Health is Life; and the promoters of the deservedly triumphant successor to the International Fisheries Exhibition might with equal propriety have termed the instant Congress of ingenuity and industry a Life Exhibition as a Health one.

The great charm and the great usefulness of the Health Exhibition lie in its catholicity. Had the executive council been exclusively composed of sanitary engineers, medical men, and professors of social science, the Health Exhibition would have been no doubt a display highly useful and instructive, from the point of view of domestic hygiene, to—well, to professional people, students of sanitation, inspectors of nuisances, the members of the Social Science Association, and the Kyrle Society. Very many philanthropic ladies and gentlemen, clergymen, schoolmasters, statisticians, and patentees of mechanical appliances would have taken deep concern in the apparatus exhibited; but to the mass of the public I venture to think, and I am audacious enough to say, the International Health Exhibition would have been an intolerably dull, dismal, ugly, and repulsive spectacle. It is all very well to be highly technical and technological (by the pursuit of technical studies I earn a considerable portion of my own livelihood); it is all very well to do our best to make our homes and ourselves and those about us healthy; but I maintain that a Health Exhibition which kept with inflexible strictness within the terms of its title would have been to the mass of the community nothing more nor less than a gigantic Bore. The mind and the eye of the average sightseer do not derive any very ecstatic pleasure from the contemplation of models of drain-pipes, sewer-traps, cisterns, pumps, roof-slates, joists, filters, and ventilators. Life is not made sweeter to him by the inspection of samples of disinfecting fluids or "Illustrations of the

Chemistry and Physiology of Food and Nutrition"; yet these are really the fundamental objects which should constitute an Exhibition exclusively devoted to the illustration of Health. Socrates, when he went into the market-place, exclaimed, "How many things are there here that I do not want!" I fear that if the son of Sophroniscus took a "look round" at the Health Exhibition in 1884 his eye would light upon an immense variety of objects which not only he did not want, but which he ought not to want. I am much more afraid that had Sancho Pança's physician been a member of the Executive Council he would have strongly prohibited the exhibition of a very large percentage of the things which are now every day giving delight to thousands. How many choice brands of champagne, cases of liqueurs, rich plum-cakes and Bath buns, fancy biscuits and sweetmeats, bottles of saucers and jars of pickles, might not have been warned away by the implacable ebony wand of the Governor of Barataria's medico!

Teetotalism was one of the most remarkable characteristics of the Refreshment Department in the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was feared that when the people came to Hyde Park in their thousands and found any intoxicants at the refreshment counters they would get uproariously tipsy; so alcoholic beverages were pitilessly banished from the Palace of Glass. The consequence was that a large proportion of the working class visitors brought stone bottles full of beer with them; that the well-to-do classes, when they had had their fill of the Exhibition, went off to Soyer's Symposium to lunch or dine; and that the compulsory abstinence from strong drink within the walls of the Palace itself was the means of making the fortunes of hundreds of public-houses in the immediate neighbourhood of Knightsbridge, Kensington, and Brompton. In a surprisingly short space of time the humblest little grog-shops were transformed into stately gin-palaces; all because the Executive Committee of the Great Exhibition were virtuous, and would not suffer any ale to be consumed with the cakes—and very meagre cakes they were—vended by their refreshment contractors.

The mistake made in 1851 was not repeated in subsequent Exhibitions. In the present Health Exhibition there is, as we shall presently see, plenty to eat and drink for consumers of every class and order of pecuniary means. The Health Exhibition is Liberty Hall. You may be prepared to spend twopence or two shillings or two pounds on a meal. Your requirements in any one of these directions will be satisfied. You may be a Vegetarian or a Carnivore; you may be a Total Abstainer or an Alcoholic; and, so far as I have been able to judge, nobody has yet manifested any tendency to abuse the liberty fully and frankly conceded to him. The public may eat and drink what they like. In the gardens they may smoke. They are not turned out of the building at an unduly early hour. They may stay there, if they will, until ten o'clock at night. The drain-pipes, the sewer-traps, the cisterns, the filters, the disinfecting fluids, and the electric lighting apparatus are not forced down their throats, so to speak. There are plenty of sanitary and scientific pills which they can swallow if they like; nay, an' they so please, they may listen every afternoon to sermons and conferences on sanitation and cognate subjects. I have before me, as it is, a goodly pile of Health Exhibition Literature—handbooks, essays and preachers generally, on "Health in the Workshop," "Healthy Nurseries and Bed-rooms," "Health in the Village," "Water, and Water Supplies," the "Principles of Cooking," "Healthy Schools," "Dress, and its Relation to Health and Climate," "Athletics, Physical Exercise, and Recreation," "Healthy and Unhealthy Houses in Town and Country," "Infectious Disease, and its Prevention," "Alcoholic Drinks," "Healthy Furniture and Decoration," "Accidental Injuries: their Relief and Immediate Treatment," "Ventilation, Warming, and Lighting," "Food and Cookery for Infants and Invalids," "Legal Obligations in respect to the Dwellings of the Poor," "Our Duty in regard to Health," "Fire and Fire Brigades," "Ambulance Organisation, Equipment, and Transport," and if this army of Health books does not swell to the crack of doom, it is at least tolerably certain that it will be extensively prolonged before the close of the Exhibition. It is clear that if everybody read all these exhaustive essays, or marked, learned, and inwardly digested all the homilies aimed at them, or, better still, remembered and put into practice all the precepts, all the warnings, and all the counsels so obligingly conveyed to them, there would be very little in the end for the doctors and the philanthropists to do, and the death-rate would sink to a figure so small that Dr. Richardson, in pure joy and exultation, might be prevailed upon, for once in a way, to qualify his draught of cold water with a thimblefull of Dunville or Kinahan.

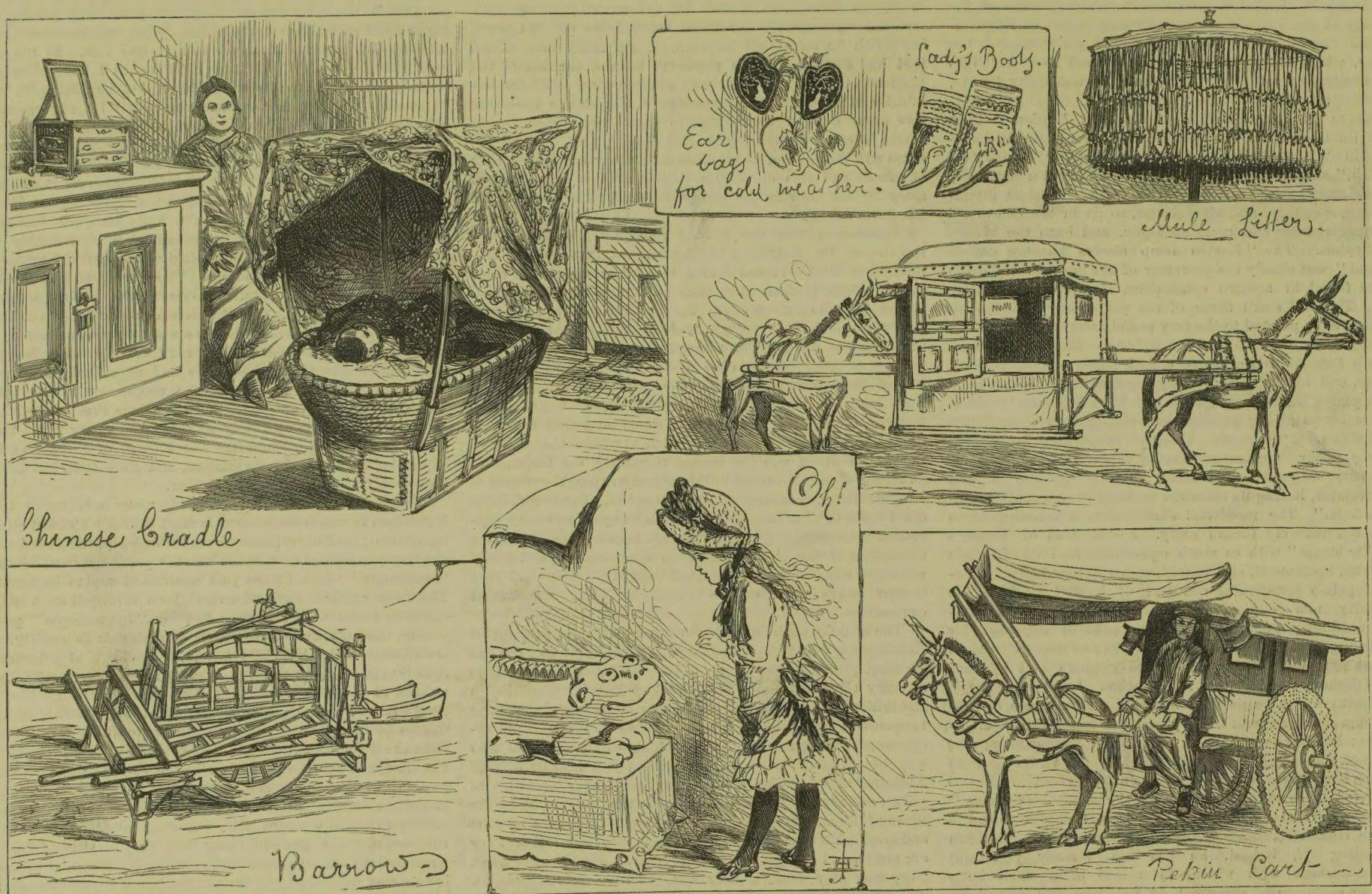
I suppose that some people have attended the lectures and the Conferences, and I hope that some more have taken to heart the good advice given to them, and have made up their minds religiously to observe the laws of health all their lives long; but I shall have studied the manners of my time and have been altogether at sea in the estimate which, during a long and busy life, I have been able to form of human nature generally, if I am wrong in the supposition that at least three-fourths of the visitors to the Health Exhibition have gone there, are going, and will go there for the simple and very meritorious purpose of amusing and enjoying themselves, and that they care for the drain-pipes, the sewer-traps, the cisterns, the filters, and the "true unipolar, continuous-current dynamo, without commutator, having its armature rotating in an annular magnetic fluid," about as much as you, esteemed, but unclassical Sir, may care for the fact that the *Editio Princeps* of the works of Aulus Gellius of 1469 is worth fifty or sixty pounds, whereas the Conradi edition of 1784 can be purchased for eighteen shillings and sixpence; or as you, dear, but unpolitical Madam, care for the circumstance that there is *not* going on a conflict between the House of Peers and the People, but that there *is* going on any kind of hostile struggle between a knot of professional politicians who are Out of and wish to be In power, and another knot of professional politicians who,

being In, are naturally reluctant to be turned Out. The Hyde Park Demonstration of the other day was, after its kind, a Health Exhibition of a nomadic nature. Certain pills, in the shape of political speeches, were proffered, and those who had a mind for being physicked swallowed the boluses. A great many thousands were content with the spectacle of the mounted farriers, the ship on wheels, the peripatetic printing-press, the husbandmen and the hop-poles, the banners, the brass bands, and the balconies full of fine folk. So has it been with the Health Exhibition. There, as I have already hinted, is a whole Apothecaries' Hall full of hygienic pills to be swallowed; but their consumption is not by any means obligatory; and should you prefer the alternative regimen of fountains, flower shows, fireworks, light, American cocktails, Mr. Robert Etzenberger's coffee-stall, the Chinese Court and restaurant, "Old London," the Vegetarian dining-room, or the Hon. Lewis Wingfield's waxworks, you are free to make your choice, and may return home in a state of quite blissful ignorance touching the prevention of smoke, the disinfecting of sewage, or the chemical and physiological attributes of a mealy as against those of a waxy potato. The Pursuit of Happiness is one of the Rights of Man. It is one of the Rights claimed in the American Declaration of Independence. The Executive Council of the Health Exhibition are not only noblemen and gentlemen distinguished by their rank or by their scientific attainments, but they are sensible and unprejudiced men of the world, who can see that if the people are to be made happy they must be amused. The illustrious President of the Health Exhibition is also fully aware of the Verity which has been here asserted. Therefore the Pursuit of Happiness is inculcated at the Health Exhibition, and Recreation has been sagaciously mingled with information.

There are, it must be admitted, many sections of the Exhibition in which amusement is most skilfully blended with instruction; and in no instance are the *utile* and the *dulce* more cunningly combined than in the Dress Department, in which the "waxworks" which I have just mentioned are to be found. The dress exhibits have, of course, been arranged on a duly scientific basis: with reference to their "hygroscopic" properties, the influence of the colour of materials in modifying the effects of the heat of the sun, the effect of poisonous dyes (in clothing) on the skin, and so forth. Practically, the visitors to the Exhibition have been more interested in the specimens of artistic costume arranged on a series of lay figures (which are not always quite up to the artistic mark) from the designs and under the supervision of Mr. Wingfield, than in the hygienic aspect of dress, the presentation of which has been supervised by Mr. Frederick Treves, F.R.C.S. The aim of the dress-hygeists is to show that there is nothing unsightly in healthy attire, that costumes may be at the same time sanitary and graceful; and that only a vitiated taste, nourished on an unnatural craving for notoriety or vulgar ostentation, gives birth to the extravagances which ultimately become Fashion. Unfortunately for the dress hygeists, Fashion is, and has been in all ages, a mystery. It is like Fancy. No one can tell with precision whether it is bred in the heart or in the head. It comes no man knows whence, and departs no man can tell why or whither. The only certainties about the Fashions are that at irregular periods and in a modified form they will recur over and over again, and that so long as communities are wealthy the dress of women will be exceeding costly. As regards the apparel of men, our own age is the only one in the history of the civilised world in which the most affluent and the most exalted members of the male sex have been able to dress at a cost which during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and even to the end of the eighteenth century, would have been esteemed ridiculously cheap. If I remember aright, Miss Emily Faithfull once delivered a lecture in which she censured male as well as female extravagance in dress. I do not pretend to determine how expensive may be a lady's ball or dinner dress; but I maintain that it would be with the extreme difficulty that a gentleman (unless he wore a sealskin coat or had ruffles of old Spanish point to his shirt) could put as much as twenty pounds' worth of clothes on his back. At the Health Exhibition, in Mr. Wingfield's collection, you will see effigies of noblemen and gentlemen, the counterpart of whose costumes represented sums which at this day would be equivalent to hundreds, and in more than one instance to thousands of pounds sterling. His male and female figures begin with the period of the Norman Conquest, and are continued down to the earlier years of the present century. They have been viewed with the highest admiration by many thousands of lady visitors; but I have not learned that any gentlemen, even of the "masher" type, have been detected in gazing on Mr. Wingfield's gorgeously appalled cavaliers and *grands seigneurs* with an expression of countenance in which jaundiced envy or "grim-visaged comfortless despair" at the thought that, save at a fancy ball, they could never wear such gorgeous costumes themselves, predominated.

At the same time, as regards ladies' array, I would desire to have due attention shown to the "hygienic dress with divided skirt" exhibited by Miss Louisa Beck; to the exhibits of the Rational Dress Society (of which the President is the Viscountess Harberton), including several varieties of out-door and evening dresses with divided skirts for ladies and children; and "Mrs. Bishop's Rocky Mountain Travelling Costume." If I mistake not, I have travelled over the Rocky Mountains in the company of a lady who did not find it necessary to make any additions to her ordinary travelling costume beyond donning (it was bitter wintry weather) a thick buffalo robe, and inducing her countenance (to prevent being frost-bitten) with a triple layer of cold cream. The student of civilisation will also find much to ponder at in the abundance of water-proofed garments and ulsters for ladies exhibited. The variety and beauty of the sewing-machines will likewise send the philosophic observer back to his Carlyle and to that famous (and cruelly unjust) passage in the essay on the "Nigger Question," in which the mighty Pessimist of Chelsea drags in a denunciation of the so-called "Distressed

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.

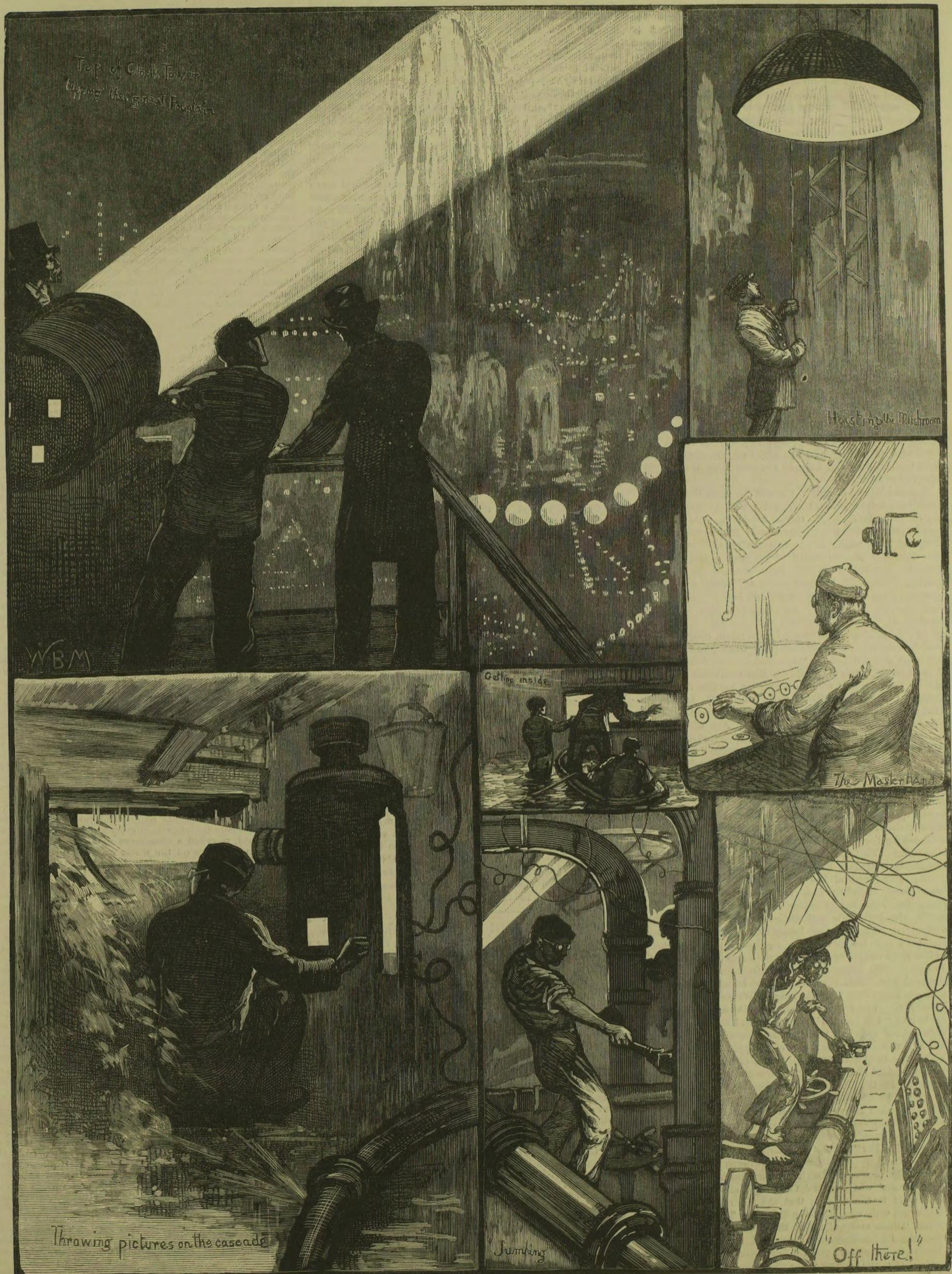


NOTES IN THE CHINESE COURT.



INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE: MR. T. S. JAY, 163 & 165, REGENT-STREET.

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.



BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE FOUNTAINS.

"Needlewomen" of his time. "Who has not heard of the Distressed Needlewomen in these days?" asks the irate philosopher. "We have thirty thousand Distressed Needlewomen—the most of whom cannot sew a reasonable stitch; for they are, in fact, Mutinous Servant-maids who, instead of learning to work and to obey, learned to give warning: 'Then suit yourself, ma'am!' Hapless enfranchised White women who took 'the freedom' to serve the Devil with their faculties, instead of serving God or man; hapless souls, they were 'enfranchised' to a most high degree, and had not the wisdom for so ticklish a predicament. . . . Having finger and thumb, they do procure a Needle, and call themselves Distressed Needlewomen, but cannot sew at all. I have made inquiries in the proper places, and found quite a passionate inquiry for women that can sew—such being unattainable just now. 'As well call them Distressed Astronomers as Distressed Needlewomen,' said a lady to me. 'I myself will take three sewing Needlewomen, if you can get them for me, today?'" The truth would seem to be that Mrs. Carlyle experienced a chronic difficulty in obtaining suitable domestics for her exiguous household, and that the philosopher laboured under the impression that whenever a maid-servant gave his wife warning she immediately appealed to public sympathy as a Distressed Needlewoman. While he was penning his angry words, there were tens of thousands of really Distressed Needlewomen in London—not by any means "Mutinous Maid-servants," but competent sempstresses, toiling for a miserable wage for the East-End slop-workers; and in the London of the present day there continues to linger, overworked, underpaid, and underfed, a great army of needlewomen who can sew, but who can do nothing but sew, and have not been trained and are not fit for domestic service. But the ranks of this most doleful army of needle-martyrs would be swollen to simply appalling proportions (looking at the growth of the metropolis and its population since 1849, when the Carlylean onslaught on the Mutinous Maid-servants was penned) but for the directly beneficent influence of the Sewing-Machine. Of the influence of the machine on the Health of the worker I will discreetly say nothing. Very few trades are wholly healthy; and I suppose that my own, which uses up body and brain at the same time, is among the unhealthiest of all.

Madame Eugénie Genty's "newly patented Health Busk, which enables the ladies, when indisposed, to unclasp their corsets instantaneously," seems to be a most merciful "philogynic" invention. Perhaps if ladies did not lace so tightly they might not so frequently feel "indisposed" and experience the necessity of unclasping their corsets. Miss E. Leader's "Model Baby dressed in Hygienic clothing;" Smith's "patent mode of lacing garments;" "patent gripe for securing cords and laces;" ladies' costume for the Highlands; air-chamber hats for India; garments of "Oshrode" flannel; "Beau Ideal" velveteens—my own Beau Ideal of velveteen is of a fabric which does not make you shudder and your flesh creep when you touch it, or even when you think of it—"specimens of silk hose upwards of one hundred years old" (Queen Elizabeth's silk stockings, lent by the Marquis of Salisbury, are in the Framework Knitters' Company's exhibit in "Old London"); Lutwyche's waterproof crocodile-hide shooting-boots, and crocodile and serpent skin slippers—Ha! said I not so? Now will you deny the lineage descent of the Health Exhibition from the Leyden raree show of 1839? Lillie and Skinner's "Sensible" boots, made on hygienic principles, and Waterman's "Cyclists' shoes" to ensure safety in riding by the prevention of slipping. He who would wish to make marginal annotations of a moral and philosophic nature in a large paper copy of "Sartor Resartus" should spend at least an hour every morning in the Dress Department of the International Health Exhibition.

Touching the reproduction of Old London, there is no need to be diffuse. That astonishingly able "life-size" model of an antique thoroughfare has from the first been one of the leading attractions of the Exhibition. Visitors have become closely familiar with the aspect of the pent-house roofs, the overhanging eaves, the diamond-paned casements, the bulkheads and unglazed shop-frontages where mediaeval-looking trades are busily carried on, the old clocks and bells and brasswork, the signboards and the stocks. Ladies love to climb up the narrow staircases and dive into the darksome little upper rooms and look down on the teeming throng below. And then, it is to be hoped, they go home to dream about Dick Whittington and William Walworth and Jane Shore. For my part, I am of opinion that the reproduction of "Old London" at the Health Exhibition should be regarded not only as a most generous boon to the public, but also as a master-stroke of policy on the part of those who wish well to the Corporation and the Guilds of the City of London. The excerpt of mediaeval architecture and mediaeval life and manners at the Health Exhibition is virtually a retort courteous, by anticipation, to the portentous blue-book of the City of London Livery Companies Commission; to say nothing of Sir William Vernon Harcourt's Government of London Bill. What right-minded Briton would wish to tamper with such a "lovely London" as that simulated in the gardens at South Kensington? Nay more; a ramble through the antique street favours the pleasing and certainly harmless hallucination that the Mercers' and Drapers' Companies are still exclusively dealers in textile fabrics; that the Skinners are intimately concerned with furs; that the Merchant Taylors continue to make "linen armour"; that the Clothworkers work cloth; that the Barber-Surgeons shave and let blood; that the Broderers embroider; the Girdlers make girdles; the Bowyers, bows and arrows; the Needlemakers, needles; the Pattenmakers, patters; and the Loriners, bridle-bits.

I am not aware whether anybody has yet had the moral and physical courage to "do" the whole of the contents of the Health Exhibition in the course of a single day; winding up with attendance at a grand musical, floricultural, fireworks-and-fountains fête at night; but, granting the existence of

such a determined wight, it must be acknowledged that there is ample sufficiency of "provand" within the Exhibition precincts to satisfy the inner man of the most exigent visitor. It is a colossal Café and Restaurant, where every variety of taste can be gratified, and where, in pleasing contrast to the practice which has prevailed at some foreign exhibitions, the rule is not extortion, and the exception, moderate charges. The rule at the Health Exhibition is moderation. For example, you may obtain a sixpenny dinner in the restaurant of the Vegetarian Society, the head-quarters of which are in Princess-street, Manchester, and which has branches throughout the country. The Society intend to devote the whole of the profits arising from its apparently very prosperous experiment at the Health Exhibition to feeding the poor of London and the provinces—on strict vegetarian principles, of course—during the winter of 1884-5. I have partaken of the sixpenny vegetarian dinner, and found it very nice. The bill-of-fare comprised lentil and tomato soup, vegetable pie, pudding with onion sauce, hominy croquets (they were excellent); semolina and fig pudding; raspberry and red currant tart, and macaroni, which last, again, was admirably cooked. For sixpence one could choose from the bill-of-fare a soup, a savoury, and a sweet. But you are to understand that the menu of the Vegetarian Society's restaurant is much more elastic than the foregoing assortment of dishes might lead you to assume. Surely the following little poem, culled from the "Dietetic Reformer," the monthly organ of the Society, should make the epicure's mouth water:—

WHAT DO YOU EAT?

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| Potato, artichoke, and bean, | With tribes of berries everywhere, |
| Kale, onion, beetroot, "kraut"; | From bramble unto vine; |
| A wonderful array of green | Oats, barley, millet, rye, and wheat, |
| From spinach unto sprout; | With lentils, rice, or maize; |
| Peas, turnip, and the turnip tops, | While these are springing round our feet, |
| The carrot, parsnip, leek; | Nor difficult to raise, |
| With celery, and endless crops | Tis strange how any think to eat |
| That salad can bespeak. | The innocent that graze, |
| Nuts, apples, peaches, plum and pear, | Or those with wings, and finny things |
| Tomato, orange, pine; | Dividing watery ways! |

I do not exactly understand how salad can "bespeak" "endless crops," and I have not yet tried brambleberries (where do they sell them?) as an article of diet; but there can be no doubt that there is a great deal of good in the Vegetarian movement. *Most English people eat a great deal too much meat when they can get it*; while the vegetables which they eat are, usually, abominably cooked. The Vegetarians are not fanatically fond of the unintelligent potato and the crapulous cabbage. They give all vegetables a chance, and do their very best to cook them in as savoury, succulent, and artistic a manner as ever they possibly can. It is only semi-savages who are content to gorge plain boiled potatoes and "wolf" cabbages simply seethed in water. The Englishmen who fought at Crecy and Agincourt had never tasted potatoes. The Vegetarians, moreover, admit cheese, milk, and butter into the materials of their *cuisine*. They do not eschew the product of the animal; but they abjure the flesh of that animal itself. Fish, flesh, and fowl they utterly renounce.

Another cheap Exhibition dining-room is that in connection with the National Training School of Cookery, under the superintendence of Mrs. Edith Clarke. Then, of course, there are the Chinese restaurant, and the world-famed restaurants of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, including an English adaptation of the "Bouillon Duval" eating-house. In the South Gallery, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen has a coffee-stall and a coffee-making apparatus; and finally, in the leafy garden adjoining the South Central Gallery, and within sound of the plashing fountains, there is the Model Coffee-House pavilion of Messrs. Robert Etzensberger and Co., where you may obtain a cup of capital coffee or tea for the small sum of one penny; a glass of iced coffee, black or with milk, for the same sum; two slices of bread and butter for a penny, and a boiled egg for three-halfpence. Naturally the model coffee-house is continually crowded. The coffee is made with Etzensberger's patent "Cafetière," a simple and admirable machine, to which I have more than once alluded in the "Echoes," and one of which I took with me to the United States in 1879.

BRITISH EXHIBITORS.

The International Health Exhibition has a twofold aspect, being partly devoted to public entertainment, with the attractive gardens, the pavilions, the fountains, the illuminations, the bands of music, the delightful promenade, and perhaps, from an amusing and curious point of view, the Old London Street, the Gallery of Antique Costume, and the imported Chinese Court; while the remainder is expressly designed for practical instruction, more especially with regard to the actual improvements in Food, in Dress, and in Dwellings, the last group including houses, furniture, ventilation, warming, artificial lighting, supply of water, baths and washing apparatus, grates and stoves, drains and sewers, and other necessities of a healthy habitation. The special arrangements for the school and for the workshop form distinct groups; as do likewise the instruments and methods for the care of the sick and wounded, either in war or in peace, and those of meteorological observation in aid of the science of public health; while the teaching appliances of education belong to a separate division, which will be found mainly in the new building of the City of London and Trades' Guilds Technical Institute. A well-known contributor to this Journal, in the preceding article, has described some of the popular features of the Exhibition, as a beautiful and interesting spectacle; and some account of the mechanical working of the fountains and the electric light apparatus, and of the coloured illuminations of the Gardens, has been given in another page. These are shown in our principal Illustrations, as well as the brilliant scenes at the late evening fête, attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales and a large company of rank and fashion; the Chinese Court, with minor sketches of the strange figures and curious articles collected there; a performance of gymnastic exercises by a class of girls, with the special apparatus shown in the East Central Gallery; a few specimens of antique costume, in the Historic Gallery of Dress; and some amusing incidents that might be witnessed in the stalls and workshops of the Old London Street, which is also made the

subject of a general View presented in our Extra Supplement. We have to notice here, more particularly, the examples of special manufactures furnished by leading trade exhibitors in the three great departments of Food, Dress, and the Dwelling, as above defined, which are not only of commercial and industrial value, and are entitled to public regard upon that account, but must also be esteemed important to health and general comfort.

Taking first the articles of Food, the wholesomeness of which is most important to health, we would observe that the second and third classes of this group, considered as manufactured products, demand particular attention, because there are none more liable to be rendered deleterious by improper treatment. These are set forth in the official catalogue as "prepared vegetable substances used as food, including tinned, compressed, and preserved fruits and vegetables, bread, cakes, and biscuits of all kinds"; and secondly, "prepared animal substances used as food in a preserved form, tinned, smoked, salted, compressed, and prepared animal foods of all kinds, including food produced by insects, such as honey." There are about one hundred exhibitors in these two classes, in the South Gallery, but several of them appear further in other classes of the Exhibition. Among these, under the denomination of "practical dietetics, army and navy rations, prison and workhouse diet, and foreign dietaries," the firm of Messrs. J. Moir and Son, of 148, Leadenhall-street, send a valuable contribution. They have large manufacturing establishments in London, at Aberdeen, at Seville (for orange marmalade), and at Wilmington, Delaware, and New York, in the United States of America. The contents of their glass jars and tin canisters, which make a goodly show, are preserved soups, fish, meats, game, sausages, jams and table jellies, marmalade, chocolate and milk, cocoa and milk, and special food for invalids. Their army and navy rations, including boiled beef in six-pound tins supplied to the French troops in the Crimean War thirty years ago, and twelve-pound tins of the same which they supplied to the Admiralty in 1851, have a certain degree of historical interest. One of the most useful forms of provision for general use is that of tinned soups, by which, with the aid of a small saucepan, and a few sticks or a jet of gas, the man of uncertain hours, or the busy housewife, can quickly obtain a basin of really good soup. Messrs. Moir and Son are, however, now to some extent abandoning the tin, and substituting a vessel of clear glass, in which the soups look very pretty, resembling short columns of polished marble. Their jams and preserved fruits, also put in glass bottles, make a pretty show with their rich colours, for jam made from perfectly fresh fruit always retains its natural hue. There is a practical as well as artistic advantage in the glass package. Messrs. Moir and Son make their jam from whole fruit, and the purchaser can therefore see that he is buying the genuine article, and one moreover that is made from freshly gathered and sound fruit, as that which has been plucked for any time becomes too soft to keep whole during the process of manufacture. The varied collection is quaintly arranged as a trophy, with the imposing figure of a gigantic lobster preserved whole in clear aspic jelly as a central figure.

Beverages, going of course along with food, constitute the fourth class of the Food group, and these are subdivided as alcoholic, non-alcoholic, and infusions like tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate. Pure wines and wholesome beers, in the opinion of those who are not yet teetotalers, are eminently desirable commodities. The produce of the most favoured soils and sunny regions of Europe, of the famous vineyards of France and Spain and the Rhineland, and the wholesome Hungarian wines, will not lose their repute. But as the resources of the British Colonies beyond the seas are felt to be a matter of national concern, we are glad to know that Australia is rapidly attaining a high position among the wine-producing countries of the earth. There are districts of sufficient area, and combining the necessary conditions of soil, climate, and aspect, to produce wine enough to supply the whole of the world. The vine was introduced in New South Wales by Mr. J. Macarthur about 1820, and in 1831 Mr. Busby made a voyage to Europe, and brought out a valuable collection of plants from France and from the Rhine. This was really the parent stock of the vine in New South Wales. Wine-making is an industry that requires time to bring it to perfection, but Australian wines are stated by connoisseurs to be rapidly improving in quality. Exhibiting abroad, under many disadvantages, colonial wine-growers have won high distinction at all the late International exhibitions—especially at that recently held at Bordeaux. The judges of wine at the late Sydney International Exhibition, consisting of representatives from every wine-producing country in the world, recorded a unanimous opinion to the effect that Australian wines are on the whole excellent in quality, and destined to enter into successful competition in the markets of Europe. One of the judges compared the valleys of the Hunter and the Paterson with those of the Gironde and the Garonne, from which the best French wines are obtained, stating that, as the climate and soil of the former are both favourable to wine production, the wines made in the colony will every year become more like the celebrated vintages of France. The yield of wine has averaged from 100 gallons to 700 gallons per acre, though certain kinds of grapes have produced over 1000 gallons per acre. The area of land occupied by vines in 1882 was 4448 acres; the quantity of wine produced being 543,596 gallons; of brandy, 1614 gallons; and of grapes for table use the quantity picked was 1440 tons. Fortunately, phylloxera is yet unknown in this colony, as well as in South Australia, where the wine manufacture was set on foot in 1871 by the late Mr. E. Stirling, in conjunction with Mr. A. L. Elder. Mr. Stirling continued, to the time of his death, to take much interest in this colonial industry, and his friend Sir Walter Hughes has since been active in its promotion. The wines exhibited by Messrs. P. B. Burgoine and Co., of 50, Old Broad-street, are from South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland.

Mineral waters and aerated waters, both natural or artificial, and other exhilarating unfermented drinks, have an obvious claim upon the friends of health and temperance. At the southern end of the West Gallery (machinery in motion) may be seen examples of the apparatus for charging water or other liquor with carbonic acid gas, which is employed by the mineral water manufacturers. Messrs. James Galloway show a soda-water machine, with double pumps and cylinders, which will produce 60,000 bottles a day, and various smaller machines, gas generators, purifiers, and holders, and filling machines. Messrs. Barnett and Foster exhibit a complete factory, showing the processes of manufacturing aerated waters and of bottling beers. The exhibit comprises soda-water machines, beer aerating machines, bottling and washing apparatus, filters, steam coil, syrup-making stage and sulphuric acid tank, all fixed in their respective positions, and in action; also fruit champagnes, counter fountains for iced drinks, and an English lager beer fountain. The well-known firm of Messrs. J. Scheppele and Co., of 51, Berners-street, and of Liverpool, Bristol, Derby, Glasgow, Malvern, and Sydney, New South Wales, occupy a separate pavilion in the open grounds for the display of their mineral waters, the superior quality of which is widely appreciated by consumers.

In the Dress or Clothing Department, which is naturally

attractive to lady visitors, but which is of considerable sanitary importance, there is a very useful collection of modern improved apparel, set forth in the gallery behind the East Quadrant, to one side of the Conservatory, the opposite western quadrant gallery being devoted to antique historical costume. Boots and shoes, of shape agreeable to that of the human foot, hats, caps, and bonnets, ladies' dresses of different materials, suitable for different occasions, hosiery and underclothing, gloves, furs, lace, and various other matters of female attire, may here be inspected. The Ladies' Sanitary Association, the Rational Dress Society (Lady Harberton's), and the benevolent Association for promoting the employment of women and girls among the Donegal peasantry in knitting, hand-weaving, and lace-making, are well represented here. We are unable to report that the patterns of "divided skirts," displayed under tall glass frames in this gallery, have elicited much feminine admiration, or any desire to imitate them in the fair spectators' own persons; but the practical character of the show, in general, has been sensibly recognised. For the credit of the English woollen trades, which obtained not long since a patriotic patroness in Lady Bechtel, it is satisfactory to behold such an excellent display as that of the Bradford Manufacturing Company, whose "all-wool" fabrics, especially their "Century" cashmeres, are surpassed by no kind of cloth, as material of the soft drapery which is favoured by a refined and aesthetic taste at the present day. The colours are quite as good as the best productions of France, and, as far as the question of health is concerned, there is no material more suitable for dresses, or more healthy in wear. They are made in light and heavy textures to suit the hottest and the coldest climates. This Bradford Company is composed of practical people, who understand all the minutiae of making, dyeing, and finishing; and their successful struggle against the exclusive prejudice in favour of French goods is an interesting chapter of recent industrial history. They found it necessary to free themselves from the intermediate agency of wholesale and retail dealers by offering the goods direct to the public. Patterns were issued and circulars sent to almost every part of the kingdom, calling attention to the trade of their all-wool goods, particularly cashmeres. They were largely advertised, and orders and applications for patterns came in apace. The articles proved equal to the advertisements—good and cheap. The company's system of doing business remains the same. They send the goods direct from the producer to the consumer in any length required, paying the carriage of over £1 in value—a great boon to buyers, who are able to obtain a good article at a moderate price, with a large assortment of colours to select from. Great care is taken that the materials should be turned out well. The facilities now offered by the parcels post and the railways have helped to swell the number of orders. The Bradford Company always have in stock cashmeres, serges, and tweeds of their regular makes, and each season they produce something new in what may be considered fancy styles.

Furs, being suggestive of wild animal life, and of the aspect of nature in remote foreign regions, always seem an interesting feature in shows of the clothing trades. The International Fur Store, 163 and 165, Regent-street (Mr. T. S. Jay, manager), sends a rare assortment of beautiful fur garments. Here is an immense ermine train coat or dress; there are seal sacques, opera dolmans, muffs, capes, hats, or boas, to give an idea of the manifold uses of fur in ladies' attire. An elegant mantle for evening wear is of deep slate-blue Terry ottoman, trimmed handsome passementerie, bordered chin-chilla, that lovely soft grey fur; and on the other side of the case is an extremely choice dolman of ruby plush, trimmed white astracan. The fashionable short jacket is shown in seal, trimmed beaver. A pretty little cape of black Persian lamb, which is a curly fur, edged double fur balls, would be serviceable and snug for chilly days. The International Fur Store also exhibit a beautiful seal paletot so arranged as to admit of free ventilation, which must be a great improvement by the prevention of over-heating. Any fur garment can be made to measure without extra cost, while only the best furs and styles are employed.

"The Dwelling-house," which is the third main division of things conducive to Health, comprises not only house-building, house-sewerage, and house-ventilation, as structural requirements, but all internal fixtures and fittings that are of use or comfort to the household; also, the observance of sanitary rules in the choice of furniture. The bed-room, of all the apartments in a dwelling house, ought to be most carefully attended to; and Messrs. Jackson and Graham, of 84, Oxford-street, have upon this occasion devoted their skilful study, assisted by Mr. Robert W. Edis, F.S.A., the architect, who is author of several valuable treatises upon the internal decoration and furniture of houses, to produce a model bed-room, dressing-room, and bath-room, which we think almost perfect for personal convenience. This suite of three rooms, two of them being very small, stands as a little house of one floor in the Central Gallery, and must be entered, by a few persons at a time, in order to see its contents. It is arranged suitably for a married couple. Their bed-room, of which we present an illustration, is 20 feet by 14 feet in dimensions, and the whole width of 14 feet, on the fire-place side, is filled by a combination piece of furniture, in wood painted white, consisting of the mantelpiece in the centre, with cabinets, upper shelves for ornaments, and cornice above, side closets and drawers (with a special receptacle for the coal-scuttle), and two washstands, convertible into tables, with separate drawers and cabinets, writing-desk, and small bookshelves, all contained within a neat alcove, at each side of the fire-place. The sides towards the fire are composed of ornamental tiles. A double electric light is suspended over the mantelpiece. The lady's toilet-table, with its mirror, and with ample drawers, stands between the windows, and there is a couch at the foot of the bed, as well as an easy-chair and small table at the bedside. Two beds, placed quite close to one another, with their heads under a common canopy, are substituted for one large bed in the actual arrangement at the Health Exhibition. The beds are constructed with wheeled feet to run upon movable wooden trams on the floor, with the greatest ease, and without damaging the carpet. On the side of the bed-room not shown in our illustration is a door leading into the gentleman's dressing-room. To the right and left of this are high wardrobes, with a tall mirror in the door of each wardrobe, so arranged that the lady, having put on her dress, may see herself back and front, in the pair of mirrors, from head to foot. She is also provided with a commodious chest of drawers. The dressing-room is comfortable, with a snug fireplace, cupboards and lockers, wash-stand, dressing-table, writing-table, bookshelves, the electric light, and a bed for occasional use. Beyond this is the bath-room, with a grand fixed bath in an alcove, having a variety of hot and cold water action for plunge, sitz, spray, douche, or shower, and with a warmed closet for towels and a comfortable seat. A good point in the bed-room wash-stand arrangement is that the basin is emptied by a valve, at the touch of a handle, and the water descends into a movable receptacle which can be afterwards carried out of the room. We have also to notice, in the East Gallery, a dainty little bed-room, for a young lady, furnished by Messrs. Heal and Son, of 198, Tottenham-court-road, with bed in the corner, elegant mantelpiece, containing

mirror, wardrobe, bookshelves, toilet-table, and other necessities of such an apartment.

Personal cosmetics would seem to be a class of luxuries, if not indeed, as some think, necessities of health, naturally coming to mind after the inspection of bed-rooms. In the East Central Gallery, the angular end of a range of tall stands is divided between Messrs. John Gosnell and Co., perfumers, brushmakers, and toilet chemists, of 93, Upper Thame-street, and the celebrated firm of A. and F. Pears, 38, Great Russell-street, whose manufacture of toilet soaps and sticks of shaving-paste, in their large factories at Isleworth, was described in this Journal on March 25, 1882. The exhibition of Messrs. Pears is very simple, and is only adorned with a miniature gilt plaster copy of "The Dirty Boy," and with the amiable portraits of Mrs. Langtry, Adelina Patti, Madame Marie Roze, and Miss Mary Anderson, whose testimonials to the virtue of Pears' soap may be read in every omnibus and every railway carriage. A male witness, the present writer, is willing to affirm that, having daily used the shaving-paste for many years past, he finds it so pleasantly effective that he means to use it while his life is spared, with no intention of sparing his beard. We could have wished to see the original drawing, by Mr. H. S. Marks, A.R.A., of the two monks washing and shaving, one of the cleverest pieces of graphic humour by any contemporary artist, placed on this stand in the Exhibition. There is fun in all that sort of thing, which helps the popularity of the articles sold; but Sir Erasmus Wilson and other eminent surgeons have borne serious and authentic testimony to the sanitary importance of pure soap, duly compounded and refined, as a preservative of the human skin, and a preventive of various diseases.

Mr. Justice Chitty and Mr. Justice Wills have been appointed Vacation Judges.

A performance of "As You Like It" was given in the grounds of Coombe House, Kingston Hill, last Saturday, for the benefit of Princess Louise's Home at Poplar.

The Rev. J. M. Eustace, M.A., Cambridge, late joint head master, and for twelve years senior mathematical master at Wimbledon School, has been elected head master of the Oxford Military College.

A conference of men of all parties was held on Tuesday at the Westminster Palace Hotel on the subject of the Federation of Great Britain and her colonies. Mr. W. F. Forster, M.P., presided; and the meeting was addressed by Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Bury, Sir H. Holland, the Marquis of Normanby, and Mr. E. Stanhope, M.P., and it was resolved to form a society for the purpose of promoting a federation. A provisional committee was appointed to consider the organisation of the proposed society, and to report to an adjourned meeting of the conference in the autumn.

In our description of the illumination of the Fountains and Water-Garden at the Health Exhibition, it should have been mentioned that Mr. James Pain, of 121, Walworth-road, pyrotechnist, furnishes the Chinese lanterns and other coloured lights used in the gardens. The bouquet presented to the Princess of Wales, at the evening fête on Wednesday week, contained, in the centre of the arrangement of flowers, a tiny electric lamp, the battery for which was concealed in the handle. This was one of the incandescent lamps patented by Messrs. Woodhouse and Rawson, of Queen Victoria-street, who also fitted electric lights on the heads of the cows in the Hon. Mrs. Birkbeck's dairy stall.

On Tuesday the annual meeting of the British Medical Association opened in Queen's College, Belfast, when the president of the year, Dr. Cumming, Queen's College, Belfast, directed his presidential address mainly to an analysis of the origin and causes of the spread of epidemic disease. The meeting was resumed on Wednesday, the attendance being large and representative. Dr. William Ord (London) gave an address on Medicine, which was favourably criticised. Section meetings were held in the afternoon, but only one medical section, of which Dr. Cameron, M.P., is president, was open to the public. In the evening a conversation was given to the members by Professor Cuming (Belfast), president of the association. Numerous excursions have been arranged.

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198, Strand, W.C.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,

AUG. 2, 1884.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's Number, *Thin Paper Edition*, forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—Three Halfpence to Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe; Twopence to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, Java, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand; Threepence to China (via Brindisi and India); and Fourpence to the Transvaal. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *Departure* of the mails.

TWINS.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. A. Conover. An eccentric Comedy, in Three Acts, by Joseph Derrick, Author of "The Mission." TO-NIGHT, SATURDAY, AUG. 4. Characters by Messrs. Edward Righton, H. H. Vincent, E. D. Lyons, Fred Desmond, H. Akhurst, J. G. Wilton, L. Cautley, J. W. Bradbury; Mesdames Emma Ritta, Eliza Budd, E. Hope, Rosier, and Carlotta Leclercq. New Scenery by Messrs. Perkins and Spong. Box Office open, Ten till Five. General Manager and Stage Manager, Mr. Philip Beck.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—TWELFTH NIGHT, Every Evening at 8.15. Malvolio, Mr. Henry Irving; Viola, Miss Marion Terry. "Twelfth Night" is not inferior in attractiveness to any former Shakspearian revival at the Lyceum; the house being crowded from floor to ceiling every night." Morning Post, July 21. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Playbill is in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTPENCE. At a Quarter-past Eight, the New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily paper. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven, Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. Seats may be booked a month in advance.

BANK HOLIDAY. AFTERNOON AT THREE, NIGHT AT EIGHT. ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS. The Best and most Attractive Entertainment in London, proudly defying all attempts at competition and rivalry.

NEW MUSIC, NEW FEATURES, NEXT WEEK. Return of the esteemed favourites, MR. G. W. COOPER, &c. Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night ditto at 7.30. Omnibuses run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great work is now ON VIEW, together with Commendatore CISERI'S Picture of CHRIST BORN TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 26, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

BIRTHS.

On the 22nd ult., at Kineddar, Fife, N.B., the wife of Major George L. O'Sullivan, 91st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of a daughter.

On the 27th ult., at Walton Leigh, Salcombe, South Devon, the wife of Lieutenant Charles W. Herbert, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

On the 25th ult., at 27, Glencairn-crescent, Edinburgh, the wife of Augustus M. Cunynghame, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 24th ult., at St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. Arthur M. Chichester, Vicar of St. Mary's, Sandwick, Charles Robert Ogle, youngest son of the late Robert Ogle, Esq., of Eglingham Hall, Northumberland, to Alice Eliza Gillow, only child of Alfred Gillow, Esq., of St. Nicholas, Isle of Thanet, and grand-daughter of R. Joynes Emmerson, Esq., of Sandwich.

DEATHS.

On the 22nd ult., at 17, Robertson-street, George Curling Hope, of Robertson-street, and Rockholme, Hastings, aged 63.

On the 23rd ult., at her residence, 7, Belsize-terrace, Hampstead, on her 68th birthday, Catherine Abram, widow of the late William Abram, of Belsize Park, and Middle Temple-lane. Indian and Colonial papers please copy.

In loving memory of Thomas Docwra, who died at his residence, The Grove, Swanage, Dorsetshire, on the 27th ult., in the 70th year of his age. Very deeply regretted.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAYS.

EXPRESS-TRAIN SERVICE from LONDON, EUSTON STATION, To Carlisle and Scotland. Week Days only.

| Euston dep. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | night. |
|---------------|------|------|------|-------|------|------|------|--------|
| 5.15 | 7.15 | 10.0 | 11.0 | 1.30 | 8.0 | 9.0 | 10.0 | 12.0 |
| Carlisle arr. | 1.20 | 3.5 | 5.22 | 7.0 | 9.45 | 3.30 | 4.10 | 4.45 |
| Edinburgh .. | 4.10 | 5.60 | 7.55 | 10.0 | .. | 6.20 | 6.45 | 7.00 |
| Glasgow .. | 4.20 | 0 | 8.0 | 10.15 | .. | 6.35 | 6.65 | 1.10 |

Not on Sat. evenings from London. Not on Sunday evenings from Glasgow.

EXPRESS and FAST TRAINS leave EUSTON for BIRMINGHAM at 5.15, 7.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a.m.; 12.0 noon; 1.30, 2.30, 4.30, 5.15, 6.30, 9.15 p.m., and 12.0 night.

From EUSTON to MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL at 5.15, 7.30, 9.00, 10.15 a.m.; (12.0 noon Manchester only), 1.30, 2.45, (4.00 Manchester only; 4.10 Liverpool only), 5.0, 6.30, (8.0 Manchester only), 9.15 p.m., and 12.0 night. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class by all Trains.

Corresponding Trains are run in the opposite direction, for particulars of which, and complete Train Service, see the L. and N. W. R. Co.'s Time Tables.

The TICKET OFFICES at EUSTON, BROAD-STREET, KENSINGTON, and WILLESDEN JUNCTION will be OPEN throughout the Day, from Monday, July 1, to Saturday, Aug. 4, inclusive, so that Passengers wishing to obtain Tickets for any destination on the L. and N. W. Railway can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the Train.

TICKETS can be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the principal Town Receiving Offices of the Company, and will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.

On SATURDAY, AUG. 2, the EXPRESS-TRAIN leaving LONDON (Euston) at 4.10, BIRMINGHAM (New-street) 5.50, LIVERPOOL (Lime-street) 7.35, and MANCHESTER (Exchange) at 7.30 p.m., will be extended to Windermere. On the same date, SPECIAL EXPRESS-TRAINS (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave LONDON (Euston Station) at 2.25 p.m. and 4.25 p.m. for BIRMINGHAM, calling at Rugby and Coventry only, and arriving at Birmingham (New-street) at 5.0 p.m. and 7.0 p.m. respectively.

Express-Trains to and from the City, St. Albans, Watford, and Kensington, WILL NOT RUN on Monday, Aug. 4.

For further particulars see Special Notices issued by the Company.

Single Horse Omnibuses sent on application to Hotels or Private Residences for the conveyance to Euston Station of intending travellers.

Charges:—For distances under Six Miles, One Shilling per Mile; minimum, Three Shillings. For distances over Six Miles, or when Two Horses are used at the request of a Passenger, One Shilling and Sixpence per Mile.

Euston Station, July 1884.

G. FINDLAY, General Manager.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.—General Arrangements.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

Extension of time for Return Tickets for distances over ten miles, also the Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London, &c., and the Seaside, &c., on Saturday, Aug. 2, will be available for Return on any day up to and including Wednesday, Aug. 6.

PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION.

From London Bridge 8.30 a.m. and 8 p.m., Victoria 8.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m., Saturday, Aug. 2.

Returning from Paris on any day up to and including Aug. 15. Fares—First Class, 3s.; Second Class, 2s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, AUG. 2, from Victoria 1.30 p.m.; Clapham Junction; from Kensington 1.50 p.m., calling at West Bromwich, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 2.25 p.m., calling at New-cross and East Croydon.

Returning the following Tuesday by any train after 6.0 p.m. Fares 7s. 6d. and 5s.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

SATURDAY TO TUESDAY. Cheap Trains, Saturday, Aug. 2: from Victoria 1.0 p.m.; London Bridge 2.50 p.m.; Returning the following Tuesday. Fares to Ports-mouth Town and back, 7s. 6d. and 5s.

BANK HOLIDAY, AUG. 4.—CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS

from London, to Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, St. Leonards Hastings, Havant, Portsmouth, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS DIRECT

to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison-road), Liverpool-street, and East London Line Stations, as required by the Traffic.

BRIGHTON RACES, AUG. 5, 6, and 7. LEWES RACES, AUG. 8 and 9.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS

From London Bridge—From London Bridge to Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and intermediate stations, also from Portsmouth, Chichester

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.



THE CHINESE COURT.

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.



EVENING FÊTE: MUSIC IN THE GARDENS.



Our Royal family sets an excellent example to the public in the neatness with which its young girls are always dressed. Last Friday at the Marlborough House garden party the three "Wales" Princesses wore simple grey foulards with black sashes and round black hats, and the daughters of the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia were dressed in white with black trimmings. On Saturday, when the cousins met again at the Coombe House representation of "As You Like It," the English ones wore grey tailor-made dresses and the Germans grey silk, all having simple black jackets and hats.

The gathering of friends at the wedding of Miss Du Maurier and Mr. Millar at St. George's, Hanover-square, last Saturday, was nothing if not artistic and literary. Mrs. Perugini, known to so many as "Kate," the daughter of the late Charles Dickens, was a sort of connecting link between the two circles, and several leading ladies among the lights of the art-world were conspicuous by their aesthetic raiment. Mr. Robert Browning represented poetry, Mr. Henry James fiction, Mr. Millais was only one out of many artists, and there were musicians not a few. Chang, the faithful hound with whose form we are all so familiar, alone was missing from the bridal of his young mistress; and if he could only have been recalled for an hour from his happy hunting-grounds, the picture would have been perfect.

Which Mr. Smith? is a question difficult to answer sometimes. And so is: which Baden? How many Badens there are may be known to some compilers of Gazetteers; but there are certainly three, to any one of which a holiday-maker may be going at this time of the year, and he should therefore be particular to let his friends know which he means. They are all celebrated for "waters," and perhaps all are equally good in that respect, which may not be very good nevertheless. There is Baden in Germany, generally called Baden-Baden: that is where the gamblers used to throng, and where the Grand Prix de Bade is still run for by international race-horses. There is Baden in Switzerland, not very far from Zurich: that is the place where the Empress Eugénie was wont to seek relief for mind and body. Lastly, there is Baden in Austria, near Schönbrunn, with its sulphur-baths, which were known to the Romans as "thermae Pannonicæ." Any one of the three can be reached without a passport from Cholera Morbus.

It is a very significant fact that none of the "Arabian horses" which have been racing lately at Newmarket and Sandown Park ran for the Goodwood Cup, for which "Arabs" are invited to run on very advantageous terms. The last "Arab" (a term which includes "Barbs" and other Eastern breeds) that ran for a Goodwood Cup was, according to the modern Cocker, the Duke of Beaufort's Mazagan in 1863. He was an "aged" horse, carrying only 5 st. 13 lb., and was not "in it." The English horse Ely, when only four years old, in 1865, carried 9 st. 7 lb., and won the Cup. The French filly Jouvence, in 1853, when only three years old, carried 5 st. 9 lb., only four pounds less than the "aged" Mazagan, and won the Cup; but Mazagan, apparently, would have had no chance with 5 st. 9 lb., for in the days of Jouvence horses "bred on the Continent" were so lightly esteemed here as to receive a liberal allowance of weight.

Great is the effect of demoralisation, and of the opposite. No sooner do Mr. A. G. Steel and a comrade master the bowling of the Australians than the Eleven of Sussex take courage and do likewise: insomuch that Phillips, of whom so much would not have been expected under the most favourable circumstances, put together 111 runs in one innings. Had the Australians beaten England in one innings, instead of being defeated in that fashion, would Sussex have come up to the scratch in such good moral condition? Probably not: moral condition makes more runs at cricket, more points at billiards, more success in the world, than many people imagine. The worst of it is that so few of us—even teetotallers and vegetarians—can keep our moral condition under perfect control.

And now another Wimbledon is gone, as Dr. Watts would have put it, and some observers complain that it has not attracted so much attention as usual. But it would be unreasonable to expect as much fuss to be made over what has become a regular and a popular institution as over a novelty, over the steady-going man arrived at years of discretion as over the new-born babe, who may become anything or nothing for all that anybody knows. There have been close enough finishes and changes enough to keep interest alive: Gallant, the eunonymous, won the Queen's Prize for England by the skin of his teeth; the Echo Shield has fallen to Ireland; the Canadians have beaten the Mother Country, and will therefore be the more disposed to come and see us again; and the Chancellor's Challenge Plate, after keeping its terms for three years at Oxford, has migrated back again to Cambridge. All this tends, in the vulgar tongue, to "keep the pot a-bilin'."

That prevention is better than cure is a good sound principle to go upon in view of a possible visitation of cholera. The worst fed are the most liable to attack, and we might do worse than follow the example of Switzerland in 1867. At Lucerne the poor neighbours of the first cholera patient were supplied with pure wine and strong soup till there was no further fear of infection. At St. Moritz and Bâle a commission undertook to supply everyone with good sound nourishment, and at Zurich £1200 was spent in less than a fortnight for the benefit of those who needed food though not physic. The sale and consumption of cider was absolutely forbidden, but thousands of large glasses of good wine were given away daily to all applicants.

A curious point of military etiquette was raised at the garden party at Marlborough House on Friday last. The band of the 10th Hussars attended, and although wearing their full-dress uniform, had on forage-caps instead of busbies. As the Prince of Wales is Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, he could neither have been unused to nor offended by the less ceremonious costume, but had her Majesty been present—which at one time was not improbable—the omission would certainly have been a breach of conventionality. On the Earl of Airlie being called on he explained that the chin-straps and the full-dress head-gear incommoded the musicians, and interfered with the wind-instruments. This excuse, which appears reasonable, and which must be taken as authoritative (although the Guards wore busbies), would seem to suggest that some new and more convenient hat should be found for the bands of cavalry regiments.

"Rab and his Friends," he in stone and they in the flesh, were in great force last Saturday on the Embankment, in the gardens whereof was unveiled a statue of "Rab." Lord Rosebery did what honour a peer could do to Robert Burns; but the question of raising stone monuments to poets admits of discussion; at any rate, to such poets as Robert Burns. A poet whose works are likely to be read for ever will live for ever, and might say with Horace: "Exegi monumentum aere perennius." As much cannot be said for warriors and other heroes of history; since history, too often, is read at school and then forgotten.

Opinions seem to differ as to the appropriateness of unveiling the Burns statue last Saturday on the Thames Embankment, in the presence of a small and select assemblage. We are reminded that "Robbie" was the poet of the people, a "horney-handed son of toil," &c., and told of the great surging crowd amid whose acclamations his statue was uncovered at Dundee. But these carpers and cavillers forget that this enthusiasm north of the Tweed was due to the fact that Burns was a born Scot, and consequently a national hero. The Southron masses are not intimately or lovingly acquainted with his poems, and their pastors and masters have taught them to regard him as a tipsy "licht o' love" rather than as singer and seer.

So-called aestheticism, while affecting of late years nearly every form of costume, from the watch chain of a poet to the mantle of a duchess, has curiously enough omitted to attack ladies' riding-habits. No doubt wily woman, recognising the grace of the orthodox tight-fitting garb, is not anxious to encourage any innovation. But the time may come when advanced disciples of the Postlethwaite school will be seen attired in mediaeval sage green dresses and Henri II. hats careering up and down Rotten Row.

A novel competition took place at the Ranelagh Club-grounds, Fulham, on Saturday last. Pony races, jumping matches, and trotting contests are all common enough, but a hansom cab competition is a new departure. The energetic manager of the club offered a prize for the best-appointed street hansom, and a large crowd assembled to see the rival cabs driven round the ring. Now that the "gondola of London," as Lord Beaconsfield called it, has reached a pitch of luxury hardly excelled by the best private carriage, the friendly antagonism can but have an effect advantageous to the public. T. Aldons, the winner, would probably command constant employment if he painted an announcement of his success on his winning vehicle. It was on this occasion driven in admirable style by Count Kaunitz, while the second best one was guided by Mr. Bertie Sheriff. One cab, however, certainly as well appointed as the best, was disqualified on the ground that it was fresh from the carriage and harness maker, and had never been "on the streets." The Jehu in command was dissatisfied with this decision, and gave Mr. Reginald Herbert, manager of the Ranelagh Club, a piece of his mind in unstinted cabman's jargon. Probably he forgot this gentleman's well-earned reputation as an athlete.

It is not often that a police-magistrate has a chance of imposing fines amounting to £2500; he can very seldom go beyond "forty shillings or a month." The magistrate at Bow-street, however, is in the proud position of having at last extracted £500 apiece from the three recalcitrant members of the notorious Park Club, making the whole fine paid £2500. Each of the three recalcitrant members, it appears, had the alternative of "three months' imprisonment," which, compared with the ordinary "forty shillings or a month," might puzzle anybody who should be anxious to discover what is the proper "rate of exchange" in questions of "fine or imprisonment."

Whatever brings grist to the mill of Charity should, as a general rule, be encouraged; and, from that point of view, the late novel representation of "As You Like It" at Coombe House, in the open air and with a lady of title, dressed as a man, to act Orlando, may well induce appreciative spectators to "ask for more"; but, if it be true that some of the spectators have insisted ever since upon living "under the greenwood tree," from sheer envy of what they saw, it is plain that in this case the cause of Charity is likely to be promoted at the risk of family dissensions and to the peril of civilisation.

Life is a game of see-saw, from certain points of view, and not a very merry game either, especially for the "downs." Elevation here means depression there; high water at the "Healtheries" with the lovely "fêtes" means low water at the Theatres with the unfortunate plays. People cannot spare time and money for both, even if they could be in two places at once.

If any class suffers by a largely-attended demonstration in the Metropolis it is the cabmen. Traffic suspended for three hours means to them a loss of at least 20 per cent on their ordinary daily earnings. Did the proprietors of cabs take this into consideration on Monday week, and make a proportionate deduction in their charges to the drivers?

Wedding presents are taxes levied pursuant to Society's unwritten statutes, and there are certain persons who at certain weddings are bound, by the ordinary laws of conventionality, to be represented amongst the marriage gifts. But whether the donation takes the form of a plush blotting-case or a silver tea service does not always depend either on the wealth of the donors or their relationship to the recipients. It is proverbially ungracious to look a gift horse in the mouth, but the Hon. Luke White and the Hon. Lilah Agar Ellis must have surveyed with excusable pride the magnificent collection of presents given to them on their wedding last week. Such a beautiful and costly collection has not been seen for many seasons, and they may be taken as a proof of the personal popularity of Lord Annaly's son and Viscount Clifton's sister.

The visits of an Orleans Prince to the cholera patients in the south of France have called forth some interesting reminiscences of the Empress Eugénie from a lady who accompanied her during the last visitation of the epidemic to the hospital at Amiens. The Empress spoke a few pious words to a dying man, who, thinking the voice was that of the *religieuse* who had been ministering to him, endeavoured to kiss the hand that pressed his own, murmuring "Thank you, sister." The nun bent over him saying, "It is not I, it is our good Empress who speaks to you," but her Majesty said, "Let be, my sister, he cannot call me by a better name!" A few minutes later one of the physicians opened by mistake the door of the smallpox ward, but immediately warned the Empress (who was then in the full ripe bloom of her beauty) to retire. She, however, insisted on visiting the patients, but would not allow her *dame de compagnie* to cross the threshold. It was small wonder that on returning to St. Cloud it was found that the hem of her dress had had numerous pieces cut out of it by the crowd, who affectionately treasured them as reliques. The pity of it is that French crowds are so fickle!

Wagers, from a certain point of view, resemble oaths: they are a sort of expletives, testifying of earnestness and giving some satisfaction, especially if you "realise the stakes." But sometimes wagers, like oaths again, are simply senseless or disgusting. Of all wagers, however, the most senseless and disgusting are those of which we constantly read in the newspapers, when a man bets a sum of money that he will make a beast of himself by over-eating or over-drinking. Still, nobody can say that there is any over-eating or anything disgusting about a wager of many dollars made by a "free American" that he would eat two quails a day, at a sitting, for thirty consecutive days. But where is the difficulty and what is the point of the wager? Surely an invalid might eat two little quails? Well, the initiated do say that "broiled quails" are "werry dry eating," and that their flavour, after a few days, becomes almost intolerable. So much for the difficulty. As for the point, it is hinted that the eater is simply employed to advertise a certain "pepsine" which he conspicuously takes and displays, with the name very plainly set forth in print, before the eyes of the public, and especially of the newspaper reporters who flock to see him.

The difficulty of getting out of Chancery was exemplified in a novel manner on Monday last. After leaving the Bench for the day, Mr. Justice Kay and Mr. Justice North found themselves locked up in one of the Chancery courts. After rattling and knocking at the door for some time they were of course released. But professional malefactors and disappointed suitors will probably be delighted at the *contretemps*, and consider it a specimen of retributive justice. Certainly their Lordships had a taste of a "block in the Law Courts."

Shakspeare in all his writings uses the word "illusion" but four times. Surely, had he paid a visit to the Chinese Restaurant at the Health Exhibition, he would have augmented the number by making strong remarks on the "illusion" that this Mongolian eating-house has shattered. From earliest childhood we have been led to expect that tea in the Celestial Empire would be brewed in a manner, if not excelling, at least equal to, the one common at home. Alas! what a delusion! For a shilling "Chinese Tea," in addition to a Reading biscuit and a shred of seed-cake, is provided a cup of the weakest possible decoction of the fragrant herb, the only Eastern eccentricity being that the saucer is placed on top of instead of below the cup. If the Mandarins are really in the habit of taking the drink "that cheers, but not inebriates," as it is served at South Kensington, then our English washerwomen are fully competent to instruct them in the art of tea-making.

An admirable way of giving fresh air and change of scene to poor mothers and children has been inaugurated by the St. John's Guild of New York. A large vessel known as the Floating Hospital takes six hundred of them for a sail up the Hudson every Wednesday, and a capital breakfast and dinner, with plenty of warm milk for the babies, are provided, while all the food left over is divided among the excursionists at the end of the day. The guild also purchases tickets for the steamers that go daily to Staten and Coney Islands, and gives them to those who are in most need of oxygen. Could not the friends of Outcast London hire a steam-boat weekly and do likewise?

Mr. W. R. West writes from Gloucester as follows:—"Your interesting note respecting "What's in a name," reminds me that in Gloucester we have some curious and appropriate names, the record of which may be of interest to your readers. By an extraordinary conjunction, there resides in Southgate-street a cooper named Fear, and next his shop is the Talbot Inn, kept by a Mr. Fright. It is, however, only natural that Fear and Fright should come together. Amongst some well-named persons in trade may be cited Barkworth, timber merchant; Phillpotts, corn merchant; Rust, ironmonger; Baker, baker; and Wareing, tailor. Until very recently there was a butcher named Sheepway. We have Brown, Jones, and Robinson in the Corporation."

THE COURT.

Divine service was performed at Claremont on Sunday morning before the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the members of the Royal household. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. On Monday morning Princess Beatrice and Princess Bentheim drove to Hampton Court Palace, and were shown through the Palace by the Misses Law. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, attended by Captain Baron von Nyvenheim, visited the Queen and remained to luncheon. Their Imperial Highnesses also visited the Duchess of Albany. In the afternoon her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Duchess Dowager of Athole, drove to Weybridge to visit the tomb of the Queen's cousin, the late Duchess de Nemours, in the Roman Catholic chapel at that place. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice remained at Claremont House until Wednesday with the Duchess of Albany, who, as well as the infant, continues to progress satisfactorily. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by Sir Henry Ponsonby, General Du Plat, Doctor Reid, and the ladies in waiting, left Esher at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning for the Isle of Wight. General Marshall and Colonel Campbell, directors of the South-Western Railway, were in attendance at the station, and the train was accompanied by Mr. Verrinder, superintendent of traffic, to Gosport. The Royal party crossed about noon to Osborne. Her Majesty has forwarded to the secretary of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, of which association her Majesty is the patron, a special donation of £50, in recognition of the demands made upon the funds of the institution in consequence of the long prevailing agricultural distress.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Macclesfield, Lieutenant-General Sir D. Probyn, and Colonel A. Ellis, met the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, and Princesses Victoria, Margaret, and Sophie on their arrival at the Charing-cross Station from Germany on Thursday week, and accompanied them to Buckingham Palace. Their Imperial and Royal Highnesses, with the three Princesses, lunched with the Prince and Princess at Marlborough House. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg likewise lunched with their Royal Highnesses. The Prince visited the King of Sweden and Norway at the Grand Hotel in the evening. The Prince of Wales was present at a meeting of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, at 8, Richmond-terrace, on Friday morning. The King of Sweden and Norway, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, with Princesses Victoria, Margaret, and Sophie, and the Duke of Edinburgh, lunched with the Prince and Princess. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess gave a garden party at Marlborough House, at which were present the King of Sweden and Norway, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and their daughters, and other Royal and Princely personages, as well as a very large number of the nobility and gentry. The Prince and Princess dined with Earl and Countess Cadogan at Cadogan House on Saturday evening. They were also honoured by the company of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany and the Princess Victoria of Prussia. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, and the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. The Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Germany, with the Princesses Victoria, Margaret, and Sophie, lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, likewise lunched with their Royal Highnesses. Prince and Princess Christian visited the Prince and Princess of Wales on Monday, and remained to London. The Prince and Princess of Wales left Marlborough House the same day for Goodwood, where they will be the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. A distinguished company have been invited to meet their Royal Highnesses, who were accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge.

Prizes to the successful cadets on board the training-ship Britannia were distributed on Thursday week by the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Duchess of Cambridge completed her eighty-seventh year yesterday week. The King of Sweden, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the German Crown Prince and Princess were among those who paid congratulatory visits.

The Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer returned from England to the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, on Monday.

The coming of age of Lord Clandeboye, the eldest son of the Earl of Dufferin, was on Monday celebrated at Clandeboye, county Down.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

In St. James's Church, Piccadilly, on Thursday week, was celebrated, by special license, the marriage of the Hon. Luke White (Scots Guards), eldest son of Lord Annaly, with the Hon. Lilah Agar-Ellis, only daughter of the late Viscount Clifden, and sister of the present Peer. A large number of relatives and friends of both noble families were present at the ceremony. Mr. H. Wickham (Scots Guards) acted as best man; and a bevy of ten bridesmaids was in attendance upon the bride, namely, the Lady Alexandra Leveson-Gower, Countess Feodore Gleichen, the Hon. Violet White, Miss Caroline Agar-Ellis, Miss Biddulph, Miss Leslie, Lady Beatrice Butler, Lady Edith Villiers, Hon. Maude O'Brien, and Miss Stirling. The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells officiated, assisted by the Rev. C. Alderson, Rector of Holdenby, Northampton, Viscount Clifden giving his sister away.

The marriage of Mr. Randolph Gordon Erskine Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle and Torrie House, Fifeshire, with the Lady Lilian Mary Paulet, only daughter of the Marquis of Winchester, took place by special license at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on Monday afternoon. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Hugo Wemyss, his brother, as best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Leslie, Miss Dosia Leslie, Miss Wyndham, and Miss Pamela Wyndham. The Hon. and Rev. Francis Cecil G. Byng, Vicar of St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Francis C. Gosling, domestic chaplain to the Marquis of Winchester.

On Monday the marriage of Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., with Florence, daughter of Mr. F. R. Leyland, of 49, Prince's-gate, and Woolton Hall, Lancashire, attracted a large number of art celebrities to St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The service was fully choral. The bridesmaids—Miss Elinor Leyland, Miss Elrington, Miss Galsworthy, and Miss Dawson—each carried bouquets of different flowers, and wore long gold brooches with "Val and Flo" engraved upon them. Sir F. Leighton was the best man. The Prince of Wales sent the bridegroom a silver snuff-box.

Last Saturday the marriage of Mr. William Millar with a young lady whose face is known to all Great Britain—Beatrice Clara Isabel Bussom, eldest daughter of Mr. Du Maurier—took place at St. George's, Hanover-square. Readers of *Punch* have, all unconsciously, watched her growth from the artless little girl wanting to know all kinds of things, to the graceful maiden interested in balls and critical in the matter of partners.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Parliament is within measurable distance of prorogation. In curious contrast to the heat and excitement of the tumultuous public meetings which demand the passing of the County Franchise Bill is the calm which pervades both Houses. The formal business of the Session is rapidly being dispatched; and before the Twelfth Lords and Commons will be able to wing their way to their grouse-moors and various holiday destinations.

The Prime Minister on Tuesday was unable to encourage the hope, half expressed by Mr. Labouchere, that the Lords would be afforded another opportunity of directly rejecting the County Franchise Bill. Mr. Gladstone pointed out that the measure had been practically "laid on the shelf by two motions." Nevertheless, one is loth to believe that, when Parliament is called together again in October, the majority in the House of Lords will again decline the olive branch to be offered them. As the Duke of Argyll remarked with sound good sense when the Earl of Redesdale brought the matter forward last, both Houses having agreed to the Franchise, and the Premier having given an authoritative outline of the Ministerial Redistribution Bill distinctly promised for next Session, it would be a signal failure of Constitutional Government if some reasonable basis of agreement between both Parties be not arrived at.

The London Conference on the financial condition of Egypt was resumed on Monday, when, as Earl Granville and Mr. Gladstone explained, "an important point arose which required reference to the Powers." The Prime Minister added that he felt "perfectly sure" the Plenipotentiaries would "press the matter forward to an early conclusion."

The Government had the satisfaction of securing the remaining Army and Navy votes at the protracted sitting of Monday; but some few members of the Ministry could hardly have experienced much satisfaction at being kept up once more by the Irish members over an Irish measure till daylight did appear, even until a quarter past five on Tuesday morning.

The conflicting policies of the Government and the Opposition with respect to South Africa were ably vindicated on both sides in the important debate last Wednesday on the vote of £38,867 for the colonies. Mr. Dawney (who moved a slight reduction of the vote) sharply criticised what had taken place in Zululand; and telling speeches were also made by Sir Henry Holland, Mr. Ashley, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Gladstone, who secured the rejection of the amendment by a majority of fifty-six. Sir Arthur Otway's return to his place as Chairman of Committees has been a source of general congratulation, and a relief to Sir Lyon Playfair, who had presided during the hon. member's illness.

THE FRANCHISE AGITATION.

Several meetings have been held throughout the country, at some of which the House of Lords has been denounced, and at others praised.

The Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Bright were the principal speakers at a great pro-Franchise demonstration in Manchester last Saturday, at which 20,000 people were present.

At a gathering in the Duke of Portland's grounds at Welbeck, the same day, Sir Stafford Northcote spoke in defence of the House of Lords. The Earl of Carnarvon and Lord George Hamilton condemned the Government at Hounslow, and Sir Richard Cross did the same at Cardiff.

A "counter-demonstration" took place in Hyde Park last Saturday afternoon, condemnatory of the display on the previous Monday, and in support of the House of Lords. Few persons attended, as the demonstration was not sanctioned by the Conservative party generally; and a resolution antagonistic to the views of the gentlemen who called the meeting was adopted.

Conservative representatives from all parts of London met in Cannon-street Hotel on Monday night, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, in support of the action of the House of Lords on the Franchise Bill. The Marquis of Salisbury said he declined to trust redistribution in the hands of Mr. Gladstone or the Liberal party in the House of Commons without condition and without defence. Under the system of English government which had so long prevailed, it was the duty of the second chamber of the Legislature to prevent the first filching a perpetuity of political predominance for one party in the State. Sir Stafford Northcote spoke in similar terms.

Sir M. H. Beach, M.P., addressed a meeting of Conservatives at Doddington Park, Gloucestershire, the same day, and moved a resolution approving the action of the House of Lords on the Franchise Bill. It was adopted, as also a resolution condemning the policy of the Government.

The London Conference of delegates from the Liberal Associations of the United Kingdom, upon the rejection of the Franchise Bill and the conduct of the House of Lords, was held on Wednesday afternoon at St. James's Hall. Mr. John Morley, M.P., presided, and the chief speakers were Sir John Lubbock, M.P., Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., Mr. James Kitson, of Leeds, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., Mr. C. Bradlaugh, M.P., the Rev. Canon Bulstrode, of Ipswich, the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, Mr. Allanson Pitton, M.P., Mr. Vernon Armitage, Mr. Powell Williams, and Mr. Joseph Arch. Four resolutions were carried unanimously, condemning the action of the Lords as "factional and unpatriotic," approving of the decision of Government to hold an autumn Session for the passing of the Franchise Bill, and declaring it needful to reform the Constitution so as to diminish the powers of the House of Lords. The proceedings were most enthusiastic and determined in spirit.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

Last Saturday saw the close of a most successful meeting of the National Rifle Association. Before briefly narrating the closing scene, however, it will be as well to summarise the results of the later competitions, as follows:—

The United Service Challenge Cup was won by the Volunteers; in the Inter-University Match for the Chancellor's Challenge Plate, the Cambridge team was victorious by 607 to 598; General Eyre's Army Prize was won by Sergeant-Major Salmond and Private W. Johnson, of the Seaforth Highlanders. In the competition for the Elcho Challenge Shield Ireland was again successful, Scotland coming second, and England third. The Public Schools Challenge Cup was won by the Clifton College boys, the Spencer Cup being taken by Private Luce, of that school, while the Cadets' Challenge Trophy fell to the Cheltenham students, and the Yeomanry Prize to the Middlesex corps. The Gregory Prize, open to all comers, was won by Colonel-Sergeant Tilsley (1st Bedford). The Dudley Prize was won by Mr. Caldwell, of the Ulster Rifle Association; and the Sporting Prizes of the Hill House series were both won by Earl de Grey. The Loyd-Lindsay Prize for the Martini-Henry was won by the Roxburgh Mounted Rifles, and that with the Snider by the Warwickshire Yeomanry. The first of the Olympic prizes was gained by Private Macpherson, of the 1st Edinburgh. The Any Rifle Association Cup, shot for by members at 600 yards,

was won by J. Murphy, Irish Rifle Association. Captain Foster, 4th West Yorkshire, took the Martini-Henry Association Cup. In the Brownlow series for military breech-loaders, Lieutenant Lamb, 22nd Regiment, Captain Mellish, 2nd Notts, and G. S. Morgan, 2nd West Kent, each made the highest possible score and divided the first three prizes. The Any Rifle Wimbledon Cup was won by Captain Thorburn, 2nd Peebles. The Royal Cambridge Challenge Shield was won by the 2nd Dragoon Guards.

The prizes were distributed in the evening by the Duchess of Abercorn. The Canadians, who appeared in the drill uniform of their respective corps, were cheered again and again as they marched off with the Kolapore Cup. When the Speaker of the House of Commons (Mr. A. Peel) came forward to claim the Vizianagram flagon there was another burst of applause, which was renewed on the appearance of the Irish team, headed by the Duke of Abercorn, to repossess themselves of the Elcho Challenge Shield. Sergeant Taylor, of the 1st Lanark, the Silver Medallist of the year, and who shot up so well at the long range for the Queen's Prize that he had only to hit the target to win, had an enthusiastic reception; but the company reserved their warmest compliments for his late opponent at the firing-point, Private Gallant, of the 8th Middlesex (Hounslow) Volunteers, who won the gold medal by one point. As he ascended the steps, the band of the Victorias played "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," whilst the men shouted acclamations, and the ladies fluttered their pocket-handkerchiefs. In presenting her Majesty's gift of £250, the Duchess of Abercorn personally congratulated the young rifleman on his success, and there was another loud outburst of cheering as the Queen's Prizeman descended and passed along the ranks of his brother volunteers. With this incident the Wimbledon meeting of 1884 came to a close.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

There has not been much racing of interest since the Newmarket July Meeting, and it was a great relief to all grades of turfites to get to Goodwood again on Tuesday, even though the weather was threatening, and there was no promise of anything specially exciting in the way of sport. We should say that the attendance all round was decidedly below the average, but the Prince and Princess of Wales were present, and the scene on the lawn was as brilliant as ever. After Legacy had just managed to scramble home in front of her solitary opponent for the Craven Stakes, a field of ten ran for the Halmaker Stakes, and the victory of the Kisber-Chopette colt gave backers a turn, as he was the only one of the party backed with any degree of spirit. This brought us to the Goodwood Stakes, for which a field of eleven was far larger than had been anticipated when everyone seemed to regard the race as a foregone conclusion for Florence (9 st.). As the day approached, however, the owners of some of the others began to pluck up spirit; and Donald (7 st. 3 lb.), John Jones (6 st. 10 lb.), and Loch Ranza (6 st. 12 lb.) came in for substantial support. Donald made most of the running, until reaching the top turn, where Stockholm (6 st. 8 lb.) deprived him of the lead, and, coming away by herself, won by half a dozen lengths. Florence, who made up a great deal of ground in the last half-mile, was second; and Loch Ranza a poor third; but nothing had the remotest chance with the winner, who showed excellent form in France last year, and would have had plenty of supporters but for her indifferent show at Leicester last week. The Richmond Stakes did not prove as interesting as had been anticipated, for Luminary was not started, Melton gave way to his stable-companion, Rosy Morn, and the three "darkies" did not turn out to be up to much, though one of them—Cocoa Nut—cost his present owner 2500 gs. at Lord Falmouth's first sale. It was quite evident that Rosy Morn was himself again, for he disposed of Royal Hampton very cleverly at level weights; and Cora ought never to have beaten him at Manchester. St. Helena, by Hermit-Castellamare, had no trouble in securing the Ham Stakes for Lord Zetland; and, though Harvester fairly ran away with the Gratwick Stakes, he was not much liked, and did not become a better favourite for the Leger.

The Stewards' Cup did not fall to the favourite on Wednesday, Queen Adelaide being left behind by Sweetbread and Duke of Richmond, the close race between which ended in a victory for Sweetbread by a head only. Archer led off by winning the Maiden Stakes for the Duke of Portland on Langwell. The Sussex Stakes was won by Hermitage, Findon Stakes by Radius, Lennox Stakes by Geheimniss, Lavant Stakes by Satchel, Visitors' Plate by Middlethorpe, and the Drawing-Room Stakes by Cormeille.

The match between the Australians and Sussex last week may almost be classed amongst the eccentricities of cricket, for though the county eleven has improved wonderfully of late, it cannot be compared with the Colonial team, and yet nothing but want of time prevented it from securing an easy victory. G. N. Wyatt (112) and Phillips (111) were the heroes of the match in the batting way, and Humphreys did wonders with his slow underhand bowling, which seemed to thoroughly puzzle the Australians, and took eleven wickets for 166 runs. On the other side, Murdoch (87 and 37) and Midwinter (67 and 27) showed to great advantage, though, had the county men only fielded a little better, all their exertions could not have made a draw of it. Yorkshire has beaten Gloucestershire in a single innings with 57 runs to spare. This result was only to be expected, for, owing to the sudden death of Mrs. Grace, her sons were unable to play, and their absence naturally weakened the western county terribly. Grimshaw (71) and W. H. Woodhouse (62) were the principal scorers for the winners, and the latter gentleman, who made a most brilliant début, should prove a great acquisition to his county, which is singularly weak in amateurs. Kent has beaten Surrey by eight wickets, the latter team making a wretched show in the first innings, which closed for the melancholy total of 44 runs. Their second attempt was much better, but they could do little with Wootton, that excellent bowler getting eleven wickets for 92.

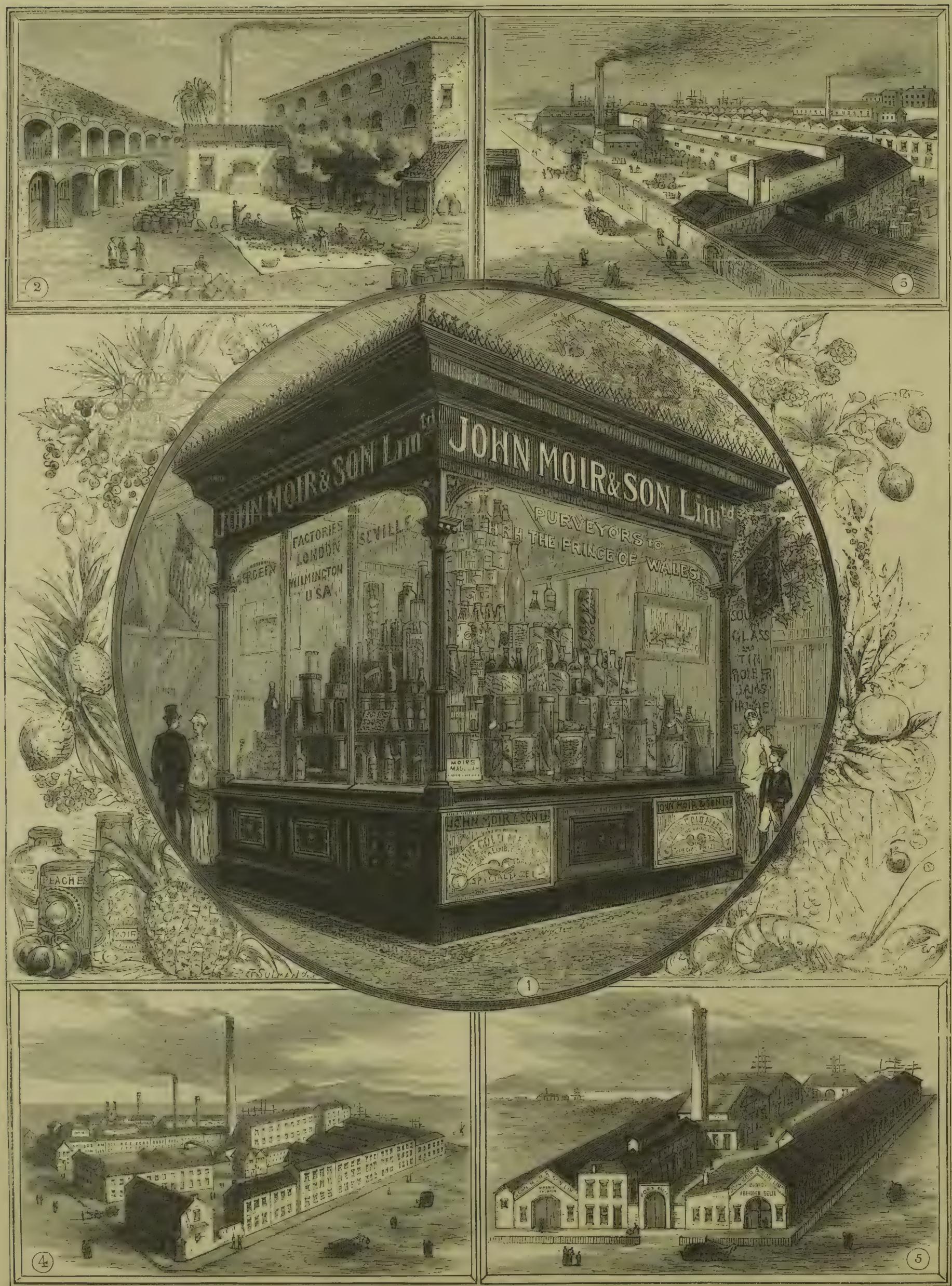
On Saturday last W. G. George ran two miles at Catford Bridge in 9 min. 30 4-5 sec., which beats the record on a grass course by a good many seconds; and on Monday he attempted to cut Deerfoot's record of 11 miles 970 yards in one hour. It was an unfavourable afternoon, rain falling heavily, yet he only just failed in his great effort, covering the extraordinary distance of 11 miles 932 yards in the specified time.

The Rev. Edmond Warre has been elected head master of Eton College, in succession to Dr. Hornby.

The *Gazette* announces that Mr. David Lewis Macpherson, Minister of the Interior in the Dominion of Canada, is to be appointed a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

A bill for the gradual abolition of slavery in Brazil has been introduced in the Chamber of Deputies by Señor Dantas, the Brazilian Premier. It is expected to lead to the total extinction of slavery in the empire within ten years.

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.



1. Show Case.

2. Factory at Seville, Spain, for Orange Marmalade.

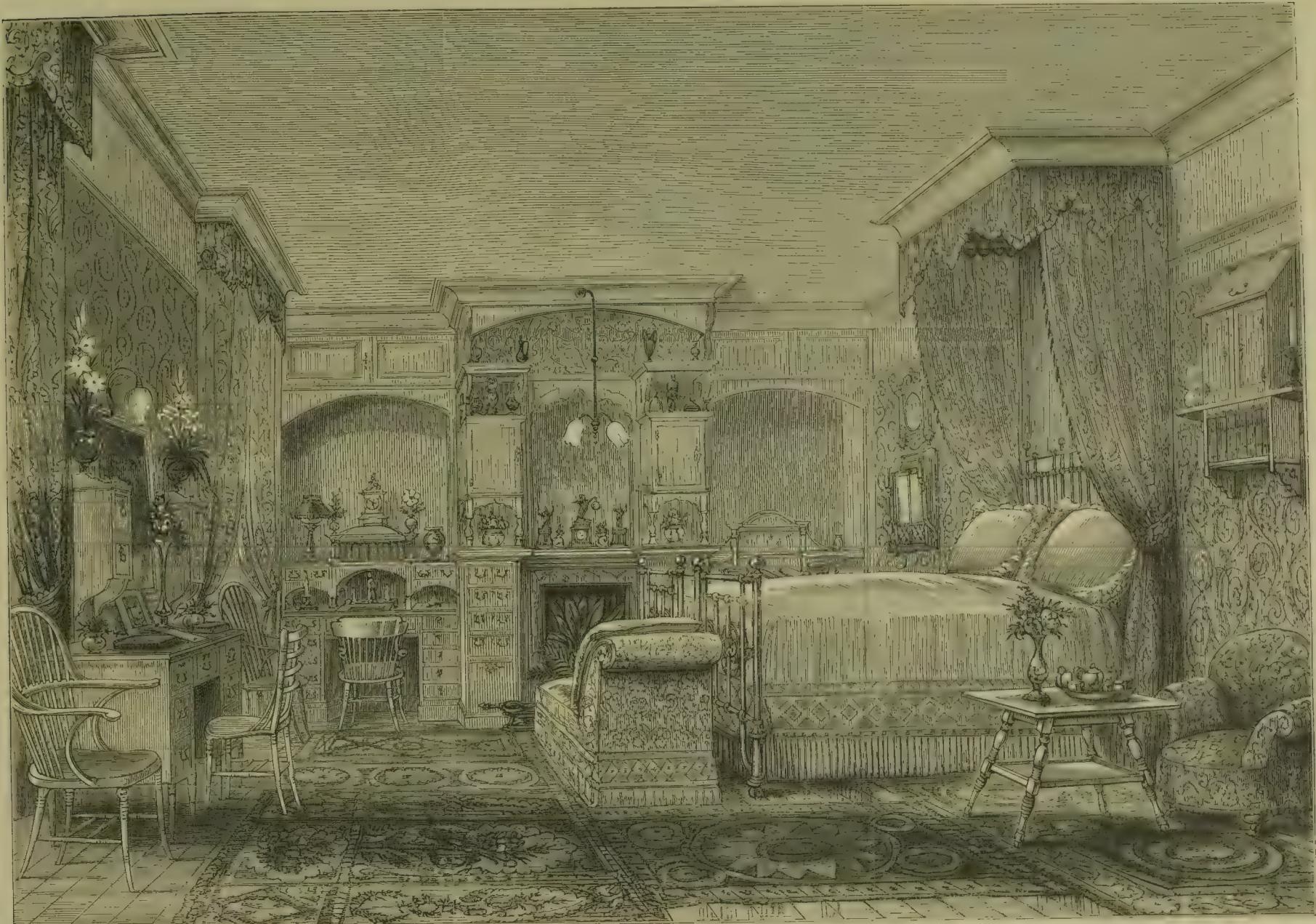
3. The London Factory.

4. Factory at Aberdeen.

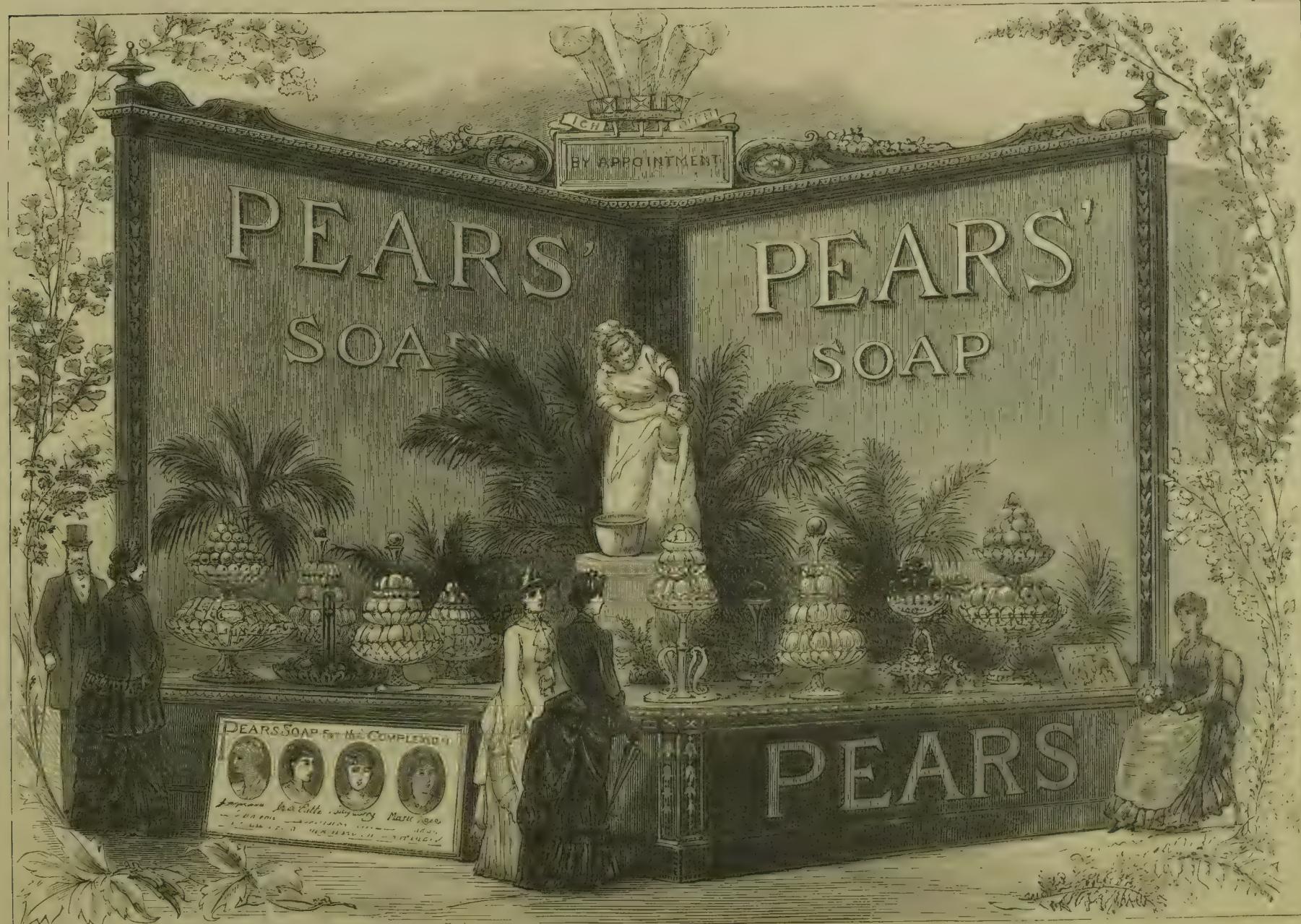
5. Factory at Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A.

TINNED PROVISIONS, ARMY AND NAVY RATIONS, ETC.: MESSRS. J. MOIR AND SON, 148, LEADENHALL-STREET.

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.



BED-ROOM COMPLETELY FURNISHED: MESSRS. JACKSON AND GRAHAM, 94, OXFORD-STREET.



PEARS' SOAP: MESSRS. A. AND F. PEARS, 38, GREAT RUSSELL-STREET.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The season terminated last Saturday with a fine performance of Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix," which was given after a considerable interval. In the title-character Madame Patti (whose "Gala night" it was) sang with transcendent excellence, and was received with enthusiasm by a brilliant and crowded audience. Excellent also were the performances of Madame Scalchi as Pierrotto, and of Signori Cotogni and De Reszke respectively as Antonio and the Prefect. Signor Marconi gave Carlo's music with much expression, and Signor Scolara was a good representative of the Marquis. The principals and Signor Bevignani, the conductor, were called forward. The opera was supplemented by the National Anthem, the solo passages sung by Madame Patti. Madame Albani's benefit took place on the previous evening, when she repeated her fine performance as Margherita, in "Faust," with enhanced power. M. Dupont conducted.

The season just ended began on April 29. The only novelty produced was an Italian version of M. Reyer's "Sigurd," in which, as recently noticed by us, the fine performances of Madame Albani as Brunhilda, M. Jourdain in the title-character, and Madame Fursch-Madi as Hilda, were specialties in a cast otherwise also exceptionally good. The intended production of Mr. Mackenzie's "Colomba" in Italian, and the revival of M. Massenet's "Il Re di Lahore," are postponed to a future season. Besides the artists already named, Mesdames Pauline Lucca, Sembrich, Durand, and Scalchi, Mdlle. Tremelli, Signori Mierwinski, Nicolini, Soulacroix, Devoyon, and other efficient artists, have reappeared. Mdlles. Reggiani, Leria, and Laterner, Madame Biro de Marion, Miss Griswold, and Madame Helene Crossmond, having made their first appearances here. Signor Bevignani and M. Dupont have, in alternation, fulfilled the office of conductor with skilled efficiency.

The Italian performances were interspersed with those of a German company on Wednesday and Friday evenings from June 4 to July 11 inclusive, two or three extra morning performances having been given intermediately. These have been noticed concurrently.

A specialty in last week's music was the evening concert given at the Royal Albert Hall by Madame Christine Nilsson—under the management of Mr. George Watts. The Swedish prima donna sang with fine effect in Mendelssohn's Hymn, "Hear my prayer," Gounod's "Ave Maria" (based on a prelude by Bach), the "Miserere" scene from "Il Trovatore," the trio, "This Magic-wove Scarf," from John Barnett's

"Mountain Sylph," and a pleasing new song, "Yes," by Mr. L. Engel. Mr. Maas co-operated in the "Miserere," and he and Mr. Santley were associated with Madame Nilsson in the trio; the "Ave Maria" having included the skilful violin obbligato of Mdlle. Eissler, and the harp and harmonium accompaniments of Mr. Cheshire and Mr. Engel. Madame Nilsson met with an enthusiastic reception from an immense audience. In addition to the artists already named, Mdlle. Marimou, Miss Hope Glenn, Madame Sterling, Madame Rose Hersee, Signor Foli, and Signor Parisotti, contributed effective vocal performances; violoncello and pianoforte solos having been skilfully performed, respectively, by M. Hollman and Mr. Coenen. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh were present.

The lull in London music, following on the close of the opera season, will be but a brief one, as the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre will begin on Aug. 9. The arrangements include, as before, the engagement of a full orchestra, with Mr. Carrodus as leading and solo violinist; and many eminent vocalists. Mr. W. T. Thomas is again the lessee, and Mr. A. Gwynn Crowe the conductor. The Floral Hall and the theatre will be brilliantly illuminated by the Maxx-Weston Electric Light.

The annual distribution of prizes to students of the Royal Academy of Music took place at St. James's Hall on Saturday. The Countess of Dudley was to have presented the awards, but was prevented by a domestic calamity, and the prizes were distributed by Madame Sainton-Dolby.

Sir George A. Macfarren on Monday distributed prizes at Liverpool to the successful candidates at the local examinations in connection with the Royal Academy of Music. In the evening Sir George was entertained at a banquet.

The nine selected designs for the new War Office and Admiralty Building are at No. 18, Spring-gardens, and have been open this week to the inspection of members of both Houses of Parliament, and to members of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and of the Architectural Association; and will be open to the general public for one month from Monday next.

In London last week 2530 births and 1995 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 168 below, while the deaths exceeded by 226, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 17 deaths from smallpox, 34 from measles, 28 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 57 from whooping-cough, and 466 from dysentery.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, July 30.

The Stock Exchange settlement which closes to-day has shown with remarkable distinctness that at last speculators for a fall have been quite vanquished, and that their retreat is so complete and hurried as to give an upward movement to prices which may safely be regarded as in excess of what the circumstances otherwise justify. All this is very pleasant to stockholders; and while the pace of the recovery is at present perhaps too rapid to last, it is the general opinion that for a long time to come the tendency will be more or less upward as regards transatlantic properties. Only one incident has recently occurred to keep alive the apprehensive feelings so generally current up till very recently, namely, the suspension of dividends by the Central Pacific. That company has paid 6 per cent on its shares for many years, and those who go no deeper than the dividend may now be surprised; but those who have watched the company's recent experience must have feared such a result. For 1881 there was £267,500 over after paying the dividend, while for 1882 there was only £7000 over, and for 1883 there was a debit balance of £85,000. The price of the stock too had dwindled from 103 in 1881 to little above 30.

With British railways, the experience is varied. The Great Eastern dividend was so unexpectedly good that it started an important upward movement; but this was in a measure offset by the North-Eastern statement being below expectation; and more recently the market has been affected by the declaration of hostilities between the South-Eastern and Chatham Companies in regard to the Continental traffic of the two companies. The accident on the Sheffield line was also against prices; but Sir Edward Watkin seems to think that the company is not liable, the presumed ground of exemption being the non-preventability of the cause of the accident. Canadian railway securities have naturally risen in sympathy with the altered tone of the American market, but there are still "bears" of Grand Trunk stocks about. Canadian Pacific shares are rising with particular persistency, the Government guarantee of 3 per cent per annum for ten years now telling upon the market.

The shareholders of the Canada North-West Land Company, Limited, have at a public meeting declared for a reduction in the amount of the share to the £5 paid up, and the Land Corporation of Canada directors have decided to recommend that their shares be also reduced to £5.

After a suspension of five years, the drawing of Chilean bonds for redemption has been resumed.

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GYMNASTICS FOR GIRLS.

THE FOUNTAINS AT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

A description of the means by which the beautiful effects shown by the fountains at the Health Exhibition are produced cannot fail to interest our readers. The mechanical arrangements are novel as well as ingenious. Apart from the laying out and construction of the "water garden," devised by Colonel Sir Francis Bolton, R.E., Examiner of Metropolitan Water Supply, much credit is due to the engineers and electricians engaged in conducting the series of jets and cascades, and in providing the means of illumination.

The water for supplying the fountains and jets is received direct from the Hammersmith reservoir of the West Middlesex Water Company. The main enters the Exhibition grounds from the north-west, and is conducted to the water-meters, on the western side of the centre basin, near the steps ascending the upper terrace. The meters, four in number, register the quantity of water supplied. From this point a large main leads to the island, where the principal jets rise. The water is supplied with a pressure of about seventy pounds to the square inch, this being sufficient to carry it to a height of 120 ft. without any additional forcing power. The wires for supplying the electric light are conveyed to the island inclosed in porcelain tubes, which render contact with foreign substances impossible. The entire number of jets are worked by wheels and levers placed inside the island. As the manipulator cannot judge the effect of the display he works, the directions for working are given from the clock tower at the south end of the garden. This tower is reached by a single ladder from below. The tower contains three rooms, and a small platform at the top. The lower room is not used. The second, which is fronted by the dial of the large clock, is the operating-room, where all orders are given by means of electric bells conveyed to the machine-room below the island. Here sits Sir Francis Bolton, who personally "works" the display. In front is a board with the pushes of twenty bells. The bells are labelled "call," "on," "off," "steady," nine different colours, and seven pipes. Thus the attention of the engineer is first "called." The "on" bell and the "centre" pipe being then touched, the operator below immediately starts the centre jet, the big fountain, which reaches an enormous height. Should a colour bell be rung, a ray of light is immediately seen to illumine the water as it rises from the island. The illumination of the water-spray, which produces brilliant effects when falling, is done from the clock-tower. In the telegraph-room are two "Brush" arcs of 2000-candle power each. These are assisted by the holophote, containing an arc of 10,000-candle power, situated in the upper room. It is the holophote that reflects the red, white, and blue colours on the cascade, also the parti-colours on the fountains themselves. The colours are sent through a medium of sheet-gelatine stuck on a glass frame similar to a small window. A number of these frames are fitted on a sliding rack, and are raised into position by the pulling of a string. On the call "change" being given, the window in position before the nozzle of the holophote is allowed to drop, and another immediately raised. This produces the rapid change of colour. Ascending still higher, there is another electric arc on the outside platform. It is from here that the "mast light" is raised or lowered by the scarlet shade, which is of mushroom shape, and, like an inverted umbrella, is drawn up until it dims the light reflected below. Sir Francis Bolton, at his seat before the bell board, directs not only the working of the jets, but also the colour and power of the lights. This is done by a series of electric signals. The signal having been given to start, the arcs are brought into position, and the display begins. Each signal given from the tower is acknowledged from the island by a reply bell. As there will frequently be a dozen orders in one minute, the reply bell keeps ringing pretty constantly. Notice of intended changes are given to the workers of the holophote above. Thus, Sir Francis Bolton, about to start the centre jet, and wishing to illuminate the falling spray, will call, "Stand by for change," then, after ringing the "stop" bell to put an end to the circular jets hitherto playing, and with a call of "Steady, high," will ring the "centre" bell, and also the "centre light" alarm. The large jet will immediately discharge its hundreds of gallons a minute, the water lit by a brilliant white light from below, and a golden tinge above. This having gone on for a minute or more, the call "red, white, and blue" will be given, and the "centre light" and "out" bell sounded. The bottom light will immediately disappear, while instead of gold the spray will be lit with the colours we have mentioned.

To visit the machine-room under the island requires some preparation and a little nerve. The visitor is equipped in a diver's suit (minus the helmet) and a pair of blue goggles. He steps into three feet of water, and, after a somewhat precarious bit of walking over the numerous pipes which overlay the cement flooring of the basin, the island is reached. Getting into the basin is easy; getting out is another matter. To raise oneself out of water, heavily weighted with dripping canvas, through an aperture some 4 ft. by 20 in., is not so easy; but this being done, the visitor finds himself in the machine-room of the water-garden. The apartment is 21 ft. square. Its roof is low pitched, being little over 5 ft., requiring a constantly stooping attitude on the part of the operators. The floor is crossed and recrossed in all directions by iron pipes, conveying the water from the main to the various jets. Wherever the supply pipe arrives beneath a jet, a branch leads up to the roof, where it is attached to the nozzle itself. The jets are placed in three rows, with one centre jet. There are, besides, five rings, with ten nozzles each. These are all on the top of the island, the water jets being distinct. There are, altogether, 120 jets, many being double or treble. The fountains are set in action by wheels, which are horizontally attached to the water mains. The large jets, those sending the water to the greatest heights, are worked by levers, so as to allow the instantaneous start and stop, which causes the shower of spray so much admired. There are, altogether, eleven wheels and three levers. The wheels are nearly equidistant round the room, the levers being in the centre. In the roof are five circular skylights of very strong glass. They are placed, one exactly in the centre, the others forming a square about it. Under each of these skylights is a light table, being a wooden stand on which is fixed a hand arc lamp of 8000-candle power. Over the arc, between it and the skylight, is a powerful lens, which magnifies the light thrown up by the lamp. The result of turning the light on while the jet above is working is powerfully to illuminate the stream of water, and produce that glistening effect which receives the admiration of the beholders during every display. The power for the hand-lamps is supplied by a 70-horse power Siemens machine.

When the apparatus is about to be set in action, the ventilators, as the narrow side-windows are termed, are closed down, as, if they were left open, the room would soon be flooded. The usual staff is five—one man to work the valves, three to attend to the lights, and one to watch and reply to the bells. The bell boards are fixed on the outer wall of the room, the attendant sitting before them calling out the instructions shown as they are recorded. As soon as an order is received the engineer runs to the valve indicator and opens or closes, as

instructed. While he is actually working the fountains and causing the effects seen by the spectators outside, he himself cannot see what is going on, his only means of knowing that all is right being the signals from the clock tower. When the order "Lights on" is received, the five arcs are set going, their powerful light permeating through every corner of the room. The strain on the eyes is very heavy (the carbons giving out quantities of nitric acid and ozone), and several of the workmen have suffered severely from these after effects. Without coloured glasses it would be impossible to remain, and equally impossible to leave, as, while the jets are playing, all ingress or egress is stopped. The temperature of the room rapidly rises, the absence of ventilation and the great heat thrown out by the arc lights frequently raising the atmosphere to above 100 degrees. The heat of the electric arc is so great as to fuse even a steel tool which may be brought into contact with it. As all water sent up from the island falls down on its roof, the noise is considerable, it being no easy matter to make oneself heard. The quantity of water sent up averages 70,000 gallons an hour, but while all the jets are going at once, 1000 gallons are used in fifteen seconds. The designs to be thrown on the cascade are worked from a lantern placed inside the island facing the treble fall. The water towers at either side of the statue are capable of throwing a stream of water, containing a ray of electric light, into the basin below with a very beautiful effect.

NOVELS.

A very clever exercise in historical romance is about the best description that can be given of *Dorothy Forster*: by Walter Besant (Chatto and Windus); but that it is an exercise is continually apparent throughout the three volumes. Many readers, while they admire the writer's skill and admit his power, will wish that he had chosen a more modern subject. However, Dorothy Forster is a most interesting study of a most lovely and charming girl, who won the heart but did not accept the hand of the unfortunate Lord Derwentwater, who was executed for his share in the ridiculous rising of 1715. About this absurd attempt there was nothing of the gallant show, the chivalrous romance, the meteoric dash, the fiery enthusiasm, the early success, which have made the later rising in 1745 one of the most brilliant, most prominent, most moving, most attractive episodes of English history; and it must, therefore, be acknowledged that a novelist who chose Lord Derwentwater's insurrection for a basis had a very weak foundation to work upon. The wonder is that so excellent a result should have been attained. To that end, of course, it was necessary to pay far more attention to the subordinate characters and incidents than to the central figure and the fundamental idea. Of Lord Derwentwater and of his insurrection there is comparatively little, and that little is comparatively tame. Dorothy Forster is the name of two personages introduced into the novel—of a lovely aunt (who becomes Lady Crewe) and of her lovelier niece, who remains a spinster, and is the heroine—if there be any heroine—of the novel. The niece is made out to be the sister of Mr. Forster, or General Forster, whom history records as the leader of the Northumbrian insurgents, and whom the novelist describes—with great verisimilitude—as a brave, honest, studious, toying, well-meaning, incapable country gentleman, easily turned by knaves into a convenient instrument. The best character in the book, the most amusing, the most deserving, the most constantly employed, is the said Mr. Forster's chaplain, a man of heart and brains, an exceedingly versatile person, typical of a certain class of students to be found at the Universities still, but with less chance now than formerly of "coming out under circumstances," as Mr. Mark Tapley would have put it. One of the most curious points about the novel is the occasion it gives the author for mentioning—involuntarily, no doubt, on his part—the names of Northumbrian gentlemen who are known to fame rather as breeders and runners as well as riders of racehorses than in any other capacity; there are, of course, the Radclifffes, to whom Lord Derwentwater himself belonged, and one of whom (Colonel Radcliffe) won the St. Leger with Serina in 1781; there are the Gascoignes, of whom Sir Thomas won the very first (properly so-called) St. Leger with Hollandaise, in 1778; there are the Shaftos who rode famous matches and owned a host of famous racehorses about the time of the '45, and subsequently; there were the Fenwicks, of Bywell, one of whom owned the illustrious Matchem, sire of Hollandaise; and, to omit many others, the Swinburnes or Swinburns, of Long Witton, one of whom was in partnership with Captain Robert Shafto, and joint owner of the celebrated Wildair, ridden twice by Captain Jenison Shafto, in his great match in 1759; and the Widdringtons, one of whom imported the Widdrington Arabian about the very date of Lord Derwentwater's insurrection. Perhaps, as horseracing and horse-breeding are said to be "in the blood," it is a blood that leads to general recklessness.

Analysis of character is the most remarkable feature of *The Giant's Robe*: by F. Anstey (Smith, Elder, and Co.), unless the palm of remarkability should be claimed for the title, which will probably convey no meaning whatever to many a reader's understanding, even when the book has been read to the end. The story is good enough and well written enough, but not notably good or notably well written; nor is the subject of a very interesting kind. As regards originality, the author himself seems to have some doubt of himself; for he writes in his preface: "It has been my intention from the first to take this opportunity of stating that, if I am indebted to any previous work for the central idea of a stolen manuscript, such obligation should be ascribed to a short tale, published some time ago in one of the Christmas numbers—the only story upon the subject I have read at present." The same idea, nevertheless, has done service already for one novel (in three volumes) at least; and there was the less occasion for the author to make a sort of apology on the present occasion, because the idea is a very common one indeed and very likely to occur to a host of independent writers, especially when they are so preoccupied with their own special vocation and its importance as to be unable to keep literature and its meannesses out of the subjects introduced into their books. In the present instance the novelist, it must be admitted, has exhibited great ingenuity in describing how an unsuccessful author was almost forced by a publisher's extraordinary incredulity into consenting to be considered the writer of what turned out to be a highly successful work; but, of course, the man who consented was not only a weakling but a hound. Such a man would naturally proceed further and rob his friend of lady-love as well as of fame and money. No doubt the real author was supposed to be dead, but the supposition was proved to be unfounded before it was too late for a man with the least sense of honour, the least regard for truth and right, the smallest bowels of compassion, to redeem himself from utter condemnation and to save the woman he degraded by loving for the man she really loved. There is some little fun in the book but of a somewhat poor and feeble description, such—for the most part—as might pass for wit and humour at a tea party of schoolmasters and curates. There is cleverness, certainly, in many of the scenes

and in most of the portraiture; but the range is circumscribed, the flight is very near the ground, the incidents are petty and paltry.

Readers who can be satisfied with a quiet and nevertheless sufficiently powerful tale of unsensual love, told in simple, unaffected style, with a very delicate touch and with all the accessories that a man of culture can employ to give a charm to what he writes, can be recommended to try *The Amazon*: by Carl Vosmaer (T. Fisher Unwin), which, though translated from the Dutch, is an eminently readable volume. The translator is Mr. E. J. Irving, who seems to have done his work sympathetically and admirably; there is a frontispiece contributed by Mr. L. Alma Tadema; and there is an introduction, done into English from the German which Herr Ebers prefixed to his own translation of "The Amazon." Whether this English translation of the whole tale was turned from the German or from the original Dutch is not quite plain, nor does it matter in the least; in either case English readers have a fine chance of becoming acquainted with a Dutch "poet, novelist, essayist, and art-historian," whose boast, as a teller of stories, it is to present "delicate pictures of the inner life and spiritual conflicts of healthy-minded men and women." A fair widow, who has been unhappily married, and determines for the future to risk her happiness no more in that way, is "the Amazon"; and around her are grouped sculptor and painter, who are in a manner rivals for her love; a genial elderly gentleman, who is her uncle and constant companion; a spinster, once lovely and still lovable, whose life has been wrecked by puritanical relations; and an Italian musician, a cripple, a most touching and at the same time most pleasing, instructive, and exhilarating portrait. The scene is laid principally in Rome, so that there is plenty of glorious colouring: the conversation is chiefly of art, including music and poetry, and of love and marriage. Could any topics be more to the taste of a cultivated reader?

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"The Dragon" is a piquant song by J. L. Molloy, published by Messrs. Chappell and Co., who also issue "Under Her Window," a serenade by L. Wheeler, and "Twin Souls," by Isidore de Lara, two pleasing vocal pieces that lie well for average voices. The same publishers have brought out various arrangements of prominent movements from Millöcker's popular comic opera, "The Beggar Student." Two sets of selections for the pianoforte, by G. W. Marks, a set of quadrilles and a polka, arranged by C. Coote, and a waltz, are derived from the same source.

"The Child and the Angel," by F. H. Cowen, is a graceful and expressive song, as also is "The Voice I Love" by Lady Arthur Hill. Both are published by Messrs. Metzler and Co., as is "The American Organ Journal," a serial edited by J. M. Coward, and containing many interesting pieces drawn from various sources and well adapted for the instrument named. Arrangements of a similar kind, skilfully made by Mr. F. Archer, are being issued by the same publishers.

"One Day of Roses"—words by P. B. Marston, music by Miss Mary W. Ford—is a song replete with tender sentiment. The melody supplied by the composer is eminently vocal in character and full of expression, the pianoforte accompaniment being written with musicianly skill, and evincing a decided talent for harmonic treatment. The change, at the close, to the major key—with arpeggio accompaniment—is very effective. The song is dedicated to Madame Adelina Patti, who has sung it again and again, expressing herself delighted therewith. It is issued by the London Music Publishing Company.

"Country Songs for the Children's Hour" is the title of a little book published by Messrs. Forsyth Brothers. The words are by Mary Mark Lemon, the music by F. N. Lohr. Six pieces of varied character make up a collection well calculated to interest young people. The same publishers issue some bright pianoforte music, among which may be mentioned "Danse d'Autrefois," by J. L. Roeckel; "Marche au Combat," "Songe des Fées," "Souvenir d'Adieu," "L'Allegre," and "Dragonennritt," all by Edouard Dorn; "Geraldine" (Nocturne), by E. M. Lott; and "Rondo Scherzando," by F. N. Lohr.

Johannes Brahms's Four Trios for female voices, with accompaniment of two horns and harp, have just been issued in a cheap and handy form by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. Of these characteristic pieces we have already spoken in reference to their concert performance. In similar form the same publishers have brought out the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's four sacred duets for soprano voices. The same firm has likewise published (in library form) skilful arrangements, as pianoforte duets, by Mr. E. Silas, of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's orchestral "Ballade," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and the ballet music and rustic march from the same composer's opera, "Colombia."

Recent publications by Mr. Edwin Ashdown (of Hanover-square) include several vocal pieces which may be recommended as pleasingly melodious and free from difficulty. Mr. J. L. Hatton's ballad, "At the Stepping-Stones," is genial and thoroughly English in style; "Loving Hands," by S. Smith; "Just to pass the time away," by G. Fox; "Make-Believe," by W. J. Bailey; "The Weaver's Daughter," by A. E. Armstrong; "The Recall," by C. A. Macirone; and "The Last of the Boys," a nautical song by Mr. Watson, are all commendable in their respective styles. Mr. Ashdown also issues some pianoforte music that is worthy of attention. "Pictures of Youth," by H. Lichner, is the title of a series of twelve characteristic and easy pieces well calculated to interest juvenile pianists; "Pur et Simple—melodie" is a graceful piece, by Mr. Sidney Smith, in the Notturno style; and "Aubade" is a pleasing morning serenade by M. Watson.

Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. have recently published some pleasing vocal pieces, among which are: "Castles in Spain," by Lady Benedict; "When all around is still," by W. Harold; "Bygone Days" (to Burns's words), by H. Kjerulf; "Portuguese Love-song," and "Spring Showers," both by E. J. Troup; and "Fetter'd yet Free," by A. L. Mora. The same firm has also issued a cheap edition of Brahms's twelve songs and romances for four-part chorus of female voices. An English version of the words, by Constance Bache, is given in addition to the original German text, and there is a pianoforte accompaniment, which, however, is *ad libitum*.

"The Children's Home," and "Laddie," are vocal duets arranged by A. J. Caldicott, from favourite songs, respectively by F. H. Cowen and Ciro Pinsuti. Several pleasing songs are also published by Messrs. Morley and Co. (of Regent-street), among them are:—"Our Guards," by Mr. Watson; "The Red Scarf," by T. Bonheur; and "Thine," by E. Phillips.

Messrs. Morley are also issuing some useful publications for the organ. Morley's Organ Journal, edited by H. J. Stark, is published in numbers, and contains some interesting pieces, original and arranged. "Morley's Voluntaries for the organ, harmonium, or American organ" consist of original pieces by various composers.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

A NEAPOLITAN STREET.

Rumour and tradition have calumniated Naples and its inhabitants. The guide-books will tell you that the streets are infested by beggars, that the town in general is full of bad smells, and that the people are "the most indolent and the most squalid of the human race" (Baedeker). During the past ten days I have been walking and riding about Naples in all directions, and at all hours, and I have not once had to complain of the importunity of beggars. Indeed, I have seen singularly few beggars, considering that the town boasts 500,000 inhabitants. As for bad smells, they are observable mainly in the vicinity of the port and the fish market; but they are not more pronounced than the smells of any other seaport. The charges of indolence and squalidity brought against the inhabitants seem to me to be equally unfounded, or at any rate exaggerated.

Leaving out of the question the luxurious existence of the local aristocracy and of the cosmopolitan population of visitors, the civilisation of Naples may be said to have remained stationary since the Middle Ages. The old town is a net-work of narrow streets scarcely any wider than those of Pompeii, and running up and down the three hills of Saint Elmo, Capo di Monte, and Pizzafalcone. Many of these streets are interrupted by flights of steps, and available only for foot or donkey traffic; others wind about under arches and vaults; and all are lined with lofty houses of grey, white, rose, or yellow colour, with green venetian shutters and balconies. The ground floor is invariably occupied by little shops, and the upper rooms are dwellings. A more busy, varied and amusing scene than one of these narrow streets cannot be imagined. At the corner you invariably find a water-seller installed at a little counter decorated with shining brass ornaments and provided with piles of lemons, half-a-dozen bottles of anisette, absinthe, and other liquors, stone demijohns containing ferruginous, sulphurous, and other waters, and, at each end, two slender barrels swinging on pivots and containing fresh water kept deliciously cool by a casing of snow brought from the neighbouring mountains. The *aqua fresca* sold at these innumerable street-stalls is delicious, and with the addition of two or three drops of anisette forms the favourite drink of the Neapolitans. Entering the street, we find a most motley crowd of hawkers of all kinds, some carrying their wares on their heads, and others accompanied by donkeys or mules laden with tomatoes, green figs, plums, and other fruits and vegetables, shaded by waving green branches. The street-hawker is so deeply rooted an institution at Naples that he has been able to ruin a company which went to great expense to provide the city with elegant iron markets like those of Paris. These markets, situated in various quarters of the town, failed utterly, and are now employed for riding-schools and other uses. The Neapolitan housewife insists on being served at her door, or rather at her window, from which she lowers a basket attached to a rope and bargains furiously over two sous' worth of plums. This constant lowering of baskets from balconies shaded by flaming ultramarine blinds and draped with the family washing hung out to dry adds greatly to the amusing aspect of the streets. Then, in the morning and afternoon, the streets are encumbered by herds of goats and cows, led two by two with ropes. Both cows and goats have bells at their necks, and are milked in presence of the consumer. The goats even walk up the staircases of the houses, and deliver their milk literally at the door, whether it be on the second floor or on the fifth. Where the streets are broad enough, they are crowded with carts of the most primitive construction, drawn by queer combinations of mules and donkeys and bullocks, often three abreast and one of each kind. The shaft-horse has always a saddle rising high in the air and surmounted by a profusion of brass ornaments, including two or three weathercocks, which spin round as he advances, and which in their turn are surmounted by a horn, or a brass hand with the index and little finger extended so as to form the horns which are supposed to avert the *jettatura* or evil eye. No man, woman, or child in Naples is without a talisman of some kind; the house fronts are covered with horns of all kinds, and often you will see hung over doors and windows an inflated black glove, with the index and little finger extended in the required position. At Naples superstition still retains strong hold, and, besides the horns to avert the evil eye, every dwelling is provided with an image of the Madonna, before which a lamp is kept burning night and day; and all along the streets you will see images and pictures of saints in niches, with little lamps burning before them. In the room where I am living there are, besides the Madouna, with her lamp, three other images of saints—namely Saint Gennaro, Saint Antonino, and Saint Joseph, to say nothing of a gorgeous company of dressed dolls representing the Nativity; while on the landing is an oil painting of the Crucifixion, before which a lamp is kept burning at the expense of the tenants of the flat.

It is hopeless to attempt to convey in words an idea of the animation of these little streets. Besides the curious crowd of shouting hawkers and chattering passengers, and vehicles and cattle, there are swarms of children, who in these warm summer days are often allowed to run about stark naked. And beautiful little creatures many of them are, with their bronzed skins, their regular features, and their large soft eyes! Then, again, everybody lives in the street. The little shops are so entirely taken up by the broad family beds that there is no room left to move about, and the merchandise is displayed in the street. The shoemaker works in the street, surrounded by his women-kind; the tailor sits cross-legged on the footpath; the housewife peels her potatoes on the footpath. At night the gossiping and card-playing and eating and drinking all go on in the street. The whole life of the town is out of doors; but it is neither indolent nor squalid. On the contrary, each of the little shops is the scene of indefatigable and cheerful industry; and both the men and the women wear clean linen. The modern Neapolitan, far from being indolent and squalid, seems to me rather to merit the titles of frugal and industrious. Why, then, it may be asked, does he remain poor? Because the civilisation of the city has not progressed with the age. At Naples the trades are carefully separated and, to a great extent, confined to certain quarters. One quarter of the town is inhabited almost exclusively by coppersmiths, another by wheelwrights, another by cabinet-makers, another by shoemakers, and so forth. As a final trait of the simplicity of manners and customs, I will mention a curious scene which I witnessed the other afternoon. At one end of a small square surrounded by lofty and irregular house-fronts were ranged four long benches forming a square. Some fifty men and women were seated on these benches, and in the middle a bronzed black-haired man with a long black moustache and lantern jaws, was reading aloud, out of a thin double-column folio, an Italian translation of "The Three Musketeers." This man's trade, I was told, is to read aloud, and he receives two centimes, or one fifth of a penny, from each person who sits on his benches, and nothing from the outside-listeners who remain standing.—I can assure you Alexandre Dumas never had a better reader or a more attentive audience.

CAPRI.

The island of Capri is the most perfect place for loafing and lotus-eating that I have yet seen. The beauty of the island, the mildness of the climate, the purity of the air, the simplification of all the conditions of existence, the lavishness of all the gifts of Nature, render mere conscious life in Capri so delicious that you have no desire to do anything. It is the paradise of that *dolce far niente* which is impossible in our northern climes. I have now been here a whole week; during that time I have not travelled by land further than half a mile from the hotel; I have not found one single minute hang heavily; day has followed day calmly and serenely, and the whole island seems to be a beautiful dreamland inhabited by graceful women who have escaped into life from the bas-reliefs of some Greek Temple or the paintings on an antique vase.

The hotel where I am living is almost at the water's edge. It is a cool and bright house, with floors of prettily ornamented tiles, and shady porticos and verandahs, from which you look over the ever-beautiful bay of Naples from Cape Misenum to the Punta della Campanella. This splendid expanse alone is a spectacle of inexhaustible interest: the changing surface of the deep blue water; the varying tints of the islands of Ischia and Procida as the sun rises and declines; the transformations of colour in the amphitheatre of mountains;—all this forms a most fascinating and imposing sight. Then, turning one's back to the sea, one sees Capri rising like a huge rocky sphinx out of the water, the more lofty hill rugged and savage, the lower hill green and fertile and crowned by the town of Capri, with its little cathedral dome and its white, flat-roofed houses, with arcades and terraces; and, above, the peak on which stand the ruins of one of the villas of Tiberius. At the foot of this hill, in a little pebbly bay, is the Grande Marina, or port of Capri, with its score fishing-boats moored or hauled up ashore, a few picturesque white or rose-coloured houses, a miniature mole, a coast-guard station, and a short pebble-beach, on which are a few bathing cabins.

As the island of Capri is composed of two hills, rising for the most part sheer out of the water—the cliffs on the east side are 900 feet high—we must not expect level roads. There is of course a circuitous carriage road from the Marina to the town, and another which winds along the mountain side to Anacapri; but the regular Capri roads are narrow lanes paved with rugged stones, with stone walls on each side, and meandering up and down between gardens and orchards and vineyards which rise terrace-wise up the slopes. All these lanes are overhung with lemon and orange and fig trees, or with trailing vines with their pendent fruit; the soft air is redolent of myrtle and laurel and lemon; the tops of the walls are hedged with the prickly cactus-like growth of the Indian fig, and their surface is alive with the swift glidings of lizards; and here and there, nestling amidst flowers and verdure, you see a modest villa where some philosophic soul, weary of the busy eagerness of the west, has come to seek rest and greater joy under the bright sky of Capri.

It has been one of my chief delights while here to watch the processions of women and girls who are employed from morning until night carrying burdens from the port up these narrow lanes to the different parts of the island. In the population of Capri, I must tell you, women form a large majority. Many of the men have emigrated to America, and the others are mostly absent for two or three years together coral-fishing on the African coast, so that almost all the labour has to be done by the girls and women, and all the carrying is done absolutely by them. Hence these processions of neatly-dressed and chattering maidens balancing on their heads blocks of building stone, pails of mortar, amphora of antique form, barrels of wine and what not, and gliding bare-footed up the rugged paths, erect, springing, and graceful in every movement. The female types of Capri are generally charming, and very various; they are often handsome, always well formed, and their smooth skins and healthy colour contrast strongly with the yellow and wrinkled faces of the slatternly women you see in most of the places around the bay of Naples. The variety of types is due to the fact of the island having successively been in the hands of Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Spaniards, Normans, French, and English. But to whichever type a Capri woman may belong, she is always tidy and graceful, and a most tempting subject for an artist, a fact which has made Capri a great resort of painters of all nationalities.

It is the custom to consider Capri merely as a winter resort. This is a mistake. The wise people, who are always a minority, come to Capri in the summer, and the most charming time of the year here is from May to September, when the cool north-west wind prevails. During this season rain is a rarity, and the wind rises at ten a.m. and blows gently until five p.m., so that one never suffers from the heat. As for the bathing and boating here, it is ideal. The living, too, is excellent and abundant; and the hotels, thanks to their winter invalid custom, are adapted to receive Anglo-Saxons, and to make them comfortable. As for the price, in winter board and lodging at the hotels averages about 12*l.* a day, but at this season of the year, when only the small minority of wise people come to Capri, you can make a bargain to be housed and fed for half that sum; and from my own brief experience I can guarantee that you will have a good time, provided you do not need such distractions as balls, German bands, vocal and instrumental concerts, shooting-galleries, or lawn-tennis. These refinements of civilisation are happily unknown in Capri.

T. C.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL AND THE PARCELS POST.

The thirteenth report of the Postmaster-General has been issued. Speaking on the subject of the Parcels Post, Mr. Fawcett says the new service was brought into operation without causing the slightest delay in the delivery of letters. Although it was impossible to obtain trustworthy data, it was estimated that the number of parcels would be about 27,000,000 a year. In the first weeks of the Parcels Post the number carried was at the rate of 15,000,000 a year. Gradually the number increased to the rate of between 21,000,000 and 22,000,000, and this represents the number carried at the present time. After some experience it was found possible to effect many simplifications and economies, and in many instances accelerating the delivery of parcels. Without venturing to predict whether the parcel business of the Post Office would be large or small, Mr. Fawcett is confident that the working expenses can be adjusted to the number of parcels carried, thus securing the revenue against loss. The most effectual way of securing economy in the Parcels Post working, it has been found, is to amalgamate it with the general postal service of the country. So far from supplanting private enterprise, the railway companies and other carriers have been stimulated to introduce a cheaper and better parcels service.

The Berkshire magistrates and other residents in that county have subscribed upwards of £500 towards a testimonial to Mr. Richard Benyon, of Englefield House, near Reading, on his retirement from the chairmanship of the sessions. The testimonial will take the form of a portrait of Mr. Benyon, to be placed in the grand jury room of the assize courts at Reading.

HENRY GREVILLE.

Viscountess Enfield has courteously acceded to the request that she should prefix to her *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*, second series (Smith, Elder, and Co.), a "short memoir of her uncle" (the gentleman who kept the diary); and, if wit is to be measured by brevity, the memoir must be considered a very witty one indeed. The whole biographical account does not occupy more than three pages of fair size, if so much; but the little is welcome. Henry William Greville, we are told, was the youngest son of Charles and Lady Charlotte Greville, and was born in October, 1801. He died in December, 1872; and he therefore lived in the most stirring times, during which he had ample and special opportunities for observation. Though he was educated at Westminster and Eton, yet a considerable part of his childhood was spent on the Continent, chiefly at Brussels, where he was living with his family on the eve of the great battle at Waterloo. He was taken by the "Iron Duke" in person to the historic ball given by the Duchess of Richmond; and, as he had to wait for the Duke in an ante-room from nine o'clock in the evening until nearly midnight—so occupied was the great general with business, he had three hours to spend in the interesting occupation of watching a constant succession of soldiers, from the highest to the lowest grade, coming to receive and departing when they had received their final instructions for the momentous imminent march. Deeply must that scene have been impressed upon the excited boy's mind; and vividly must it have come back to him in after years when his memory, on other points, may have been dim with age. Henry Greville seems to have begun life in earnest (so far as persons of his sort have such lives) as private secretary to Lord Francis Leveson Gower (when his Lordship was Chief Secretary for Ireland); to have been made a précis-writer at the Foreign Office in 1834; and to have exchanged that post, after a few months' occupancy, for the more congenial position of Attaché to the Embassy at Paris. Here, indeed, Mr. Greville was at home: he had an extensive foreign acquaintance, he was proficient in French (as well as in Italian), he liked society, and society liked him. He had an artist's eye, we are told; he loved the drama, and himself acted as well, perhaps, as an amateur (the late Charles Dickens and one or two other rarities excepted) can act; and he was devoted to music. He was, of course, a sportsman, or he would have belonged for nothing to the family of him who owned the famous racehorse *Alarm*; but a sportsman in moderation. Politics, both English and foreign, were his delight; and that is the reason why nearly every leaf of his diary is almost of historical importance. He was for many years about the Court as a gentleman usher; and he thus had a chance of obtaining those peeps behind the scenes which render his diary intensely interesting to the many readers who care not a doit for politics. The "leaves" which have been utilised for the purposes of the present very interesting series date from 1852, and come down to 1856. It is impossible to read without emotion, even after all the years that have elapsed, the notes that relate to the death, the lying-in-state, and the public funeral of the great Duke of Wellington, and the important questions and appointments that arose out of it. Very curious and interesting, too, is it to read the unconstrained language in which it is recorded that "Louis Napoleon is to marry the daughter of the Countess Montijo. She is a pretty girl—well born on her father's side: her mother, who was a very handsome woman, and whom I knew formerly in Paris, is the daughter of a man of the name of Fitz-Patrick, who was an English Consul in Spain. . . . This marriage makes a very great sensation, and is not likely to be popular in France." In due time there is an entry concerning the birth of the promising "young Marcellus," the Prince Imperial, and concerning the harangues delivered to please the Emperor upon the occasion. Of course French wit was exhibited on such an occasion. One gentleman's harangue was called "un discours Troplong" (the name of the President who delivered it). In the course of this speech the speaker was inspired to speak of "Grotius"; whereupon a senator inquired of his neighbour: "Qui donc était ce Grotius?" "Ma foi," answered the neighbour, "je ne saurais trop vous dire, mais probablement c'était un fameux aconcheur du temps." There is another entry which, with the light thrown upon it by the tragic events of the Franco-Prussian war, begun by the Emperor under the flattering assurance that—so perfect were the preparations—there was "not a button missing from a single gauntlet even," reads like a sort of prophetic utterance. "It is curious," runs the note, "that when General Acrey was at Paris" (at the time of the Crimean war), "he enlightened the Emperor on many points regarding H. M.'s own army on which he was entirely ignorant. . . . Flahault tells me that the Emperor, who is generally supposed to do and look into everything himself, and to be a man of extraordinary activity and decision, is, on the contrary, very indolent and undecided; and being therefore constantly ignorant of much that is done or left undone in the various departments of the State, often acts on imperfect knowledge of details and circumstances. This," concludes Mr. Greville ingenuously, "must be a most dangerous mode of governing." And now to turn to a very different kind of subject. "I hear that Charles Dickens," writes the author of the diary, "who was present at the *entrée* of Ristori in 'Mirra,' pronounces her to be a *humbug*, and that she will not go down in London; and Thackeray's daughter, who went with us one evening to 'Maria Stuarda,' told me that her father did not admire her at all. The first verdict," in Mr. Greville's opinion (and most readers will agree with him), "is simply ridiculous, as time will prove. The other is *une affaire de goût, un drôle de goût selon moi.*" But is not everything of the kind a matter of taste, against which criticism, like wisdom, may cry at the corners of the streets for ever in vain? If criticism and taste agree, it is well; if not, it is criticism that must go to the wall. And so let this interesting and varied collection of "leaves" be left to the high appreciation it cannot fail to command.

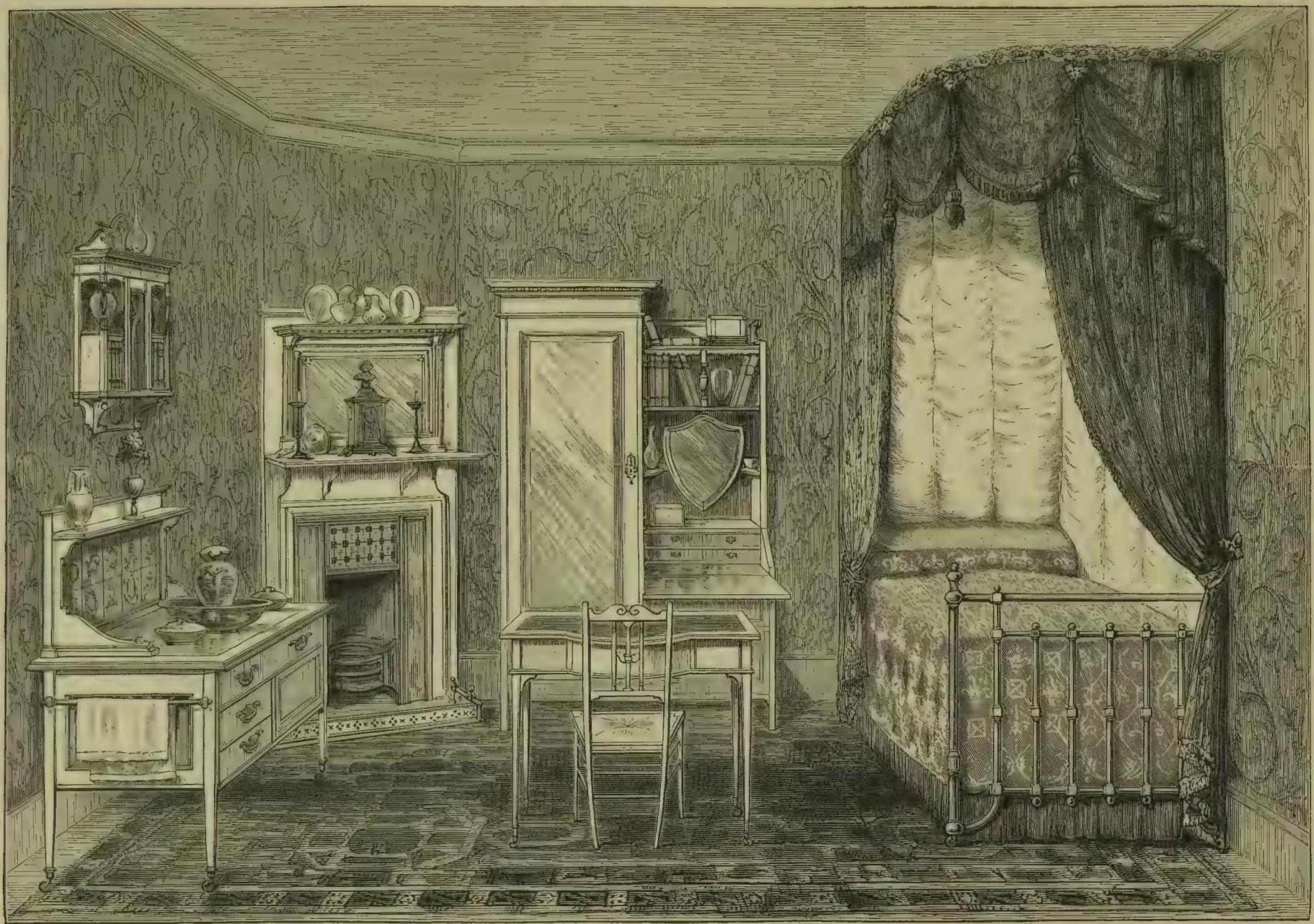
A handbook of New South Wales, containing general information for intending emigrants and others, has been published by the Agent-General for the colony.

A cheque for nearly £150 has been handed over to the Royal Life-Boat Institution by the proprietors of *Youth*, that sum having been subscribed by the readers of that journal.

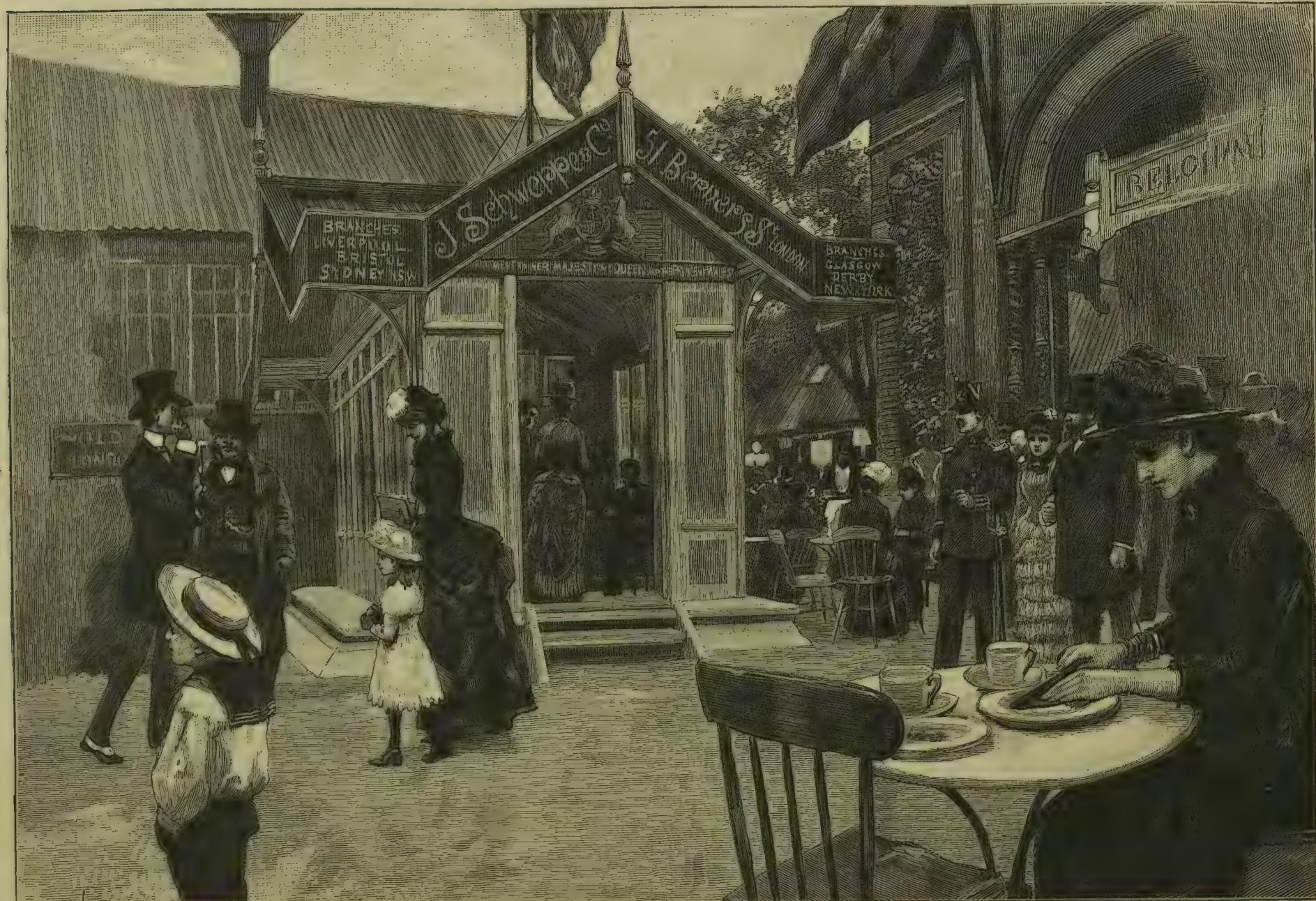
The Rev. Watson Haggar, senior mathematical master at Portsmouth Grammar School, has been appointed to the office of head master to the High School for Boys, Sunderland, to be opened in September next.

The following is published as a trustworthy estimate, in round numbers, of this year's wheat crop in Manitoba and the North-West territories of Canada:—Estimated wheat acreage in Manitoba, 350,000; yield, at 23 bushels per acre, 8,060,000; estimated wheat acreage in the North-West territories, 65,000; yield, at 23 bushels per acre, 1,500,000—a total of 415,000 acres and 9,500,000 bushels. Deducting 2,760,000 bushels for home consumption and seed, a surplus remains of 6,740,000 bushels. Everything points to a larger yield per acre than that of 1883.

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.



COMPLETE FURNITURE FOR SMALL BED-ROOM: MESSRS. HEAL AND SON, 195 TO 198, TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD.



MINERAL WATERS: MESSRS. J. SCHWEPPES AND CO., 51, BERNERS-STREET.



DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.

"Don't call me out, Frank—and don't kill me with laughing, either!"

ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLION,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT A WOMAN.

HOSPITALITY demanded that Francis should keep his guest amused; and, as neither of them had any notion of amusement beyond the cards, to the cards they fell. Hitherto, luck had been with amazing persistency on the side of the Captain; but to-night, with all the unaccountable suddenness of Fortune's and other ladies' caprices, she declared herself on the side of the Squire. And this was the more peculiar, inasmuch as Francis hardly knew what cards he held—certainly not what cards he played.

"Upon my life and soul," said Captain Quickset at last, "I do believe you hold the fifth ace; the card that every gamester spends his life in looking for. It's well I won that ten guineas, or I should be twenty the poorer. But

'tis well for you we're not rivals in a livelier game—lucky in play, unlucky in love, you know. . . . Why, Frank, you're blushing like a milkmaid! I wonder what it feels like? I should like to blush for once—I should indeed."

"It's hot—and it's close—and winning's confounded slow," said Francis, throwing down his cards, and pushing away his chair. "I've half a mind to look up Cucumber Jack again. It's cool and pleasant out there"—

"And damp and muddy, eh?"

"And better fun than these eternal kings, and queens, and knaves. Besides, Miss Openshaw wants to see him, you know." Her name was burning his tongue, and it was bound to come—à propos of boots, or Kamtschatka, or Julius Caesar, or any thing, place, or person in the world. Besides, love had made him a trifle thirsty, and truth lies near the top of a bottle, if at the bottom of a well.

"Oho!" said Captain Quickset, resting his elbows on the table, and framing his pale face and his unchanging smile with his slender hands. "I've told you what I think of Miss What's-her-name. But what do *you*?"

"Why this—that you may think you know a lot about

women, but you don't. Mabel Openshaw not to be named with poor Nance Derrick! I should think not, indeed. Why the Queen herself isn't to be named with Mabel Openshaw."

"Not know women, Frank? Come—that's a good one, on my life and soul. Why, I hadn't carried the colours the month before I knew them as if I'd had a hand in their making. Wait till you've seen the world, Frank: wait till you've seen the Marchioness of Millflower, or her Grace the Duchess of Cockayne: or a little foreign thing I know of that dances, and, between you and I, is worth the two together. That was the girl, you know, that Lord St. Blaises and that fool with fifty thousand a year, Tom Dimond, winged each other over—I was St. Blaises' second: and the best of that joke was that 'twas I, plain Captain as I am, who was *av mew* with the little dancing thing all the time. Well, well. I must really begin to think of settling down. The Duchess tells me so every Tuesday and the Marchioness every Thursday—those are their days. Each thinks I'm too *mew* with the other, you see: to have so many affairs is amusing for a season or two, but they have a way of accumulating: and that gets tiresome, and troublesome too. Five, or six at most, all at once, is enough for any man. So you see—you can't expect Me to think much of a common country beauty. If we want a toast to sweeten our wine, here's Nance Derrick: there's something Pekoe—Souchong—Pekong—you know, as the French say, about *her*."

Somehow Captain Quickset's anecdotes of the world of Fashion, though the more effective and trustworthy for being told by their hero, did not to-night appear so attractive and agreeable to Francis Carew as heretofore. "I won't toast Nance Derrick—I think we'll leave my servant's daughter alone," said he. "She's a good girl, you see."

"Oh, Frank, Frank! As if there were any difference between any two women on earth, below the skin! A *good* girl—good lord! As though any girl isn't just what any fellow who knows the sex wants her to be. We've made one wager, Frank: I'll make another. I'll lay you twenty guineas to two that by this day week I'll have had one kiss from Nance Derrick and another from Mabel Openshaw within the same hour: not taken, mind, but fairly asked for and freely bestowed. And I'll lay fifty guineas to five that by this day fortnight!"

Two days ago, Francis would have taken any wager, out of sheer *ennui*. Now, the very thought of such sacrilege made his marrow creep and his blood boil.

"Stop that!" he growled fiercely, with a clenched fist and an ominous frown. "I don't know duchesses nor dancing-girls; but my mother's son has known one good woman: and if there's one there's more. You'll please to give Nance Derrick a wide berth, while your sprain keeps you here: and"

"Don't call me out, Frank—and don't kill me with

laughing, either! As if I want to spoil a friend's sport—as if I am so hard put to it for good fortunes, on my life and soul, as to lift a finger for either your Nance or your Mabel! Your mother's son, Frank, may keep the couple in double harness, for all mine cares. I do like you, Frank—it's refreshing to see a fellow of your time of life fire up; it does one's heart good, and makes one feel young again. Fill, and drink; and if you want a sentiment without a name, here goes—

Who is fairest, best, and rarest,
She that's brown or she that's fair?
Which, in total, 's worth a bottle?—
Do like me, Sir:
Of the three, Sir,

Try the last, and stop you there."

There was no being angry with a fellow who himself seemed so incapable of anger. But it seemed equally out of the question to count upon his serious sympathy; and Francis instinctively felt that his new condition of mind would only be ridiculous in the eyes of so consummate a man of the world. Otherwise he would have peered out his whole heart to his comrade, both for counsel, and for the sake of naming and hearing named the name of names. Debarred of his natural outlet, he certainly became exceedingly dull company—so much so that even Captain Quickset, with all his resource for keeping the hours alive, had to give him up at last, and to go to bed more than half sober. As for Francis, when he, after a considerable time longer, followed his friend's example, he was as sober as a judge, but nevertheless in a state of excitement that wine never yet gave.

Nor did he sleep as long as usual. Indeed, for once he very nearly saw the sun rise without sitting up for him. The Captain, he knew, kept more reasonable hours; so there was no inhospitality in his turning out for a stroll alone. All meals were movable feasts at Hornacombe, partly on the caprices of her master and his guest, so that breakfast had not to be taken into consideration. The great problem to be solved was, how soon could he, without calling attention to himself, reopen communication with the Vicarage, and in what way. Of course nothing in the world was more easy. But since Mabel had risen above his horizon, he was as much lost as he had been on Sunday night in the moonlight, before Cucumber Jack had come to his rescue. Lovers have been called moonstruck before now; and not without cause.

Was there the faintest chance of winning such a peerless creature? he asked himself over and over again—in sublime forgetfulness that he was a man of fortune, virtually (Sir Miles Heron being absent) the greatest man in Stoke Juliet and three parishes besides, while she was but a dependent upon the charity of a penniless Vicar. Only, I fancy, King Cophetua himself, when he wooed the beggar maid, forgot alike her rags and his own crown, and the corresponding readiness of the maiden's father, mother, and brothers (I say nothing of her

sisters), not to speak of the maiden herself, to be won. The story says nothing, at least in the common version, of the sturdy young grinder of knives whom the beggar maid threw over for the King. Francis, like that deplorably imprudent monarch, ignored the acres and the rent which had certainly not sufficed himself for happiness, and the value they might have in the eyes of any sensible young woman, and would have scorned such advantages even if he had remembered them. What should a goddess care for acres? Oh, if he had only not idled away his time at the Grammar School; if he were not a mere ignorant, awkward clown; if he had but a single one of the graces wherewith that confounded fellow Quickset was so prodigally adorned! No; it could never be. And yet, whispered Hope, who is Love's twin sister—and yet why should ever a man despair? Since he was so infinitely far beneath her, he could at least become her slave, and serve her as man never served woman before.

We know better, nowadays, than to think that women are to be won by service; and they themselves are not behind-hand in declaring their scorn for all slaves, including their own. Besides, slavery belongs to passion; and a long and careful cultivation of sentimental psychology has led us to forget what passion means—or rather, to strike an average between sense and sentiment and call it passion. But Francis Carew had no more sentiment in him than had the Black Steeple on the sands—nay, not even so much as a knight of the Dark Ages; while at the same time his worship for Mabel Openshaw was fully as much that of a hermit for a saint as of a man for a woman. Sentiment is the hypocrisy of the senses; passion is manly, and therefore pure. But it is also therefore unselfish, and again therefore finds its glory in service, not in rule—and mostly its whole reward.

Presently a brilliant thought struck him. He would go and get Nance Derrick to talk about Mabel Openshaw. True, he had snubbed her for doing so on Sunday; but this was Tuesday, and he owed long arrears of reparation for that sacrilegious sin. Out of the fulness of his heart his mouth was hungering for speech; and he felt himself as certain of sympathy from his servant's daughter as he was certain of not having it from his friend. Poor Quickset, with all his brilliant qualities, to be blinded by common duchesses and dancing-girls to such charms as Mabel's! But Francis could afford to pity generously: that so great a conqueror in the field of love was blind in this supreme field was as fortunate as it was strange.

It has probably been asked by this time what had become of Captain Quickset's sprain—for a sprained ankle is worse than a broken leg, according to those who have tried both of them.

It was certainly a remarkably convenient kind of sprain, subject, in the most unorthodox manner, to acute spasms and lucid intervals. It was much too bad for its owner to think of leaving Hornacombe, while, on the other hand, it had never stood in the way of his making such short excursions as to church last Sunday. This particular morning, for example, it kept him in bed fully as long as usual. But, when he was once up and dressed, it troubled him so little that he even thought of taking a stroll for pleasure.

"That moon-calf will have gone off to the Vicarage," he said to his image in the looking-glass while adjusting his smile. "All the better—the more rope one gives a fellow of that sort with a woman, the sooner he'll be hanged. Never saw a fellow bowled over so completely all at once, on my life and soul—never. The game's easier than I thought for: only its getting confounded slow: and—but I mustn't complain. I wonder what it is about me that's so fascinating to women—though that's of course: but to men as well. I think I've earned a little amusement, upon my life and soul. It's hard work making love to ladies, though it's easy, too. The milk-maid's worth two of her: and if the lady thinks such a lot of me, what'll the maid? I must give Mabel a day to miss me in, and to make comparisons with the moon-calf. Yes, I do deserve a holiday: and what else is there, in a hole like this, to do?"

Having learned from Mrs. Drax—with whom he stood high in favour as a gentleman whose way of giving a single shilling made it go as far as any other man's two—the way to Derrick's, he betook himself there, limping a little at first to keep up the housekeeper's sympathies for a wounded hero, and then walking smartly. The way was not hard to find, nor the distance very far—only some three quarters of a mile to the dunes by the crest of the combe. But the latter part was not so agreeable: and, by the time the cottage was in sight, the gallant officer was wellnigh fain to retreat, his elegant shoes were so full of the loose dry sand, not to speak of his eyes, ears, and hair. Still there was quite enough of him left to dazzle a rustic beauty—indeed his spruceness had been so complete that it could afford to lose a little, even with advantage.

The door stood open, as when Francis Carew had last leaned within it: and there, sure enough, sat Nance, engaged in the double occupation of knitting and reading: or rather in the triple, for, just as before, she had to keep her eye on the fire. The sight of a book for a moment took the Captain a little aback: for that did not belong to his otherwise exhaustive knowledge of woman's ways. Indeed, it required far less imagination than his to perceive something a little uncanny in the picture—the dark girl with gathered brows poring over a strange-looking volume, while her fingers were engaged in the work of the fates, and a caldron hissed over a crackling blaze of thorns. She must have been intent indeed, not at once to have been conscious of the presence of a live captain in all his glory. But, whatever his faults, shyness was not among them: so he tapped on the open door and, raising his hat, put one foot across the threshold.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "But could you tell me the nearest way to—Hornacombe? I've managed to lose my way."

Nance started for a moment: then closed her book and rose, quite quietly—not as though she were awe-struck at all.

"Surely, Sir," she answered; "you've only got to keep between you two sandhills!"

"Thank you; I see. But, to tell you the truth, my dear, I've swallowed half these sandhills of yours already, and I don't want any more. Did you ever try to walk over loose sand with a sprain? If you have!"

"Oh, Sir!" she began, suddenly lighting up: "then you're the gentleman that Squire Carew saved? I'll get you a chair in a minute—nothing's so bad as standing for a sprain: father had it once, and couldn't move for weeks, so I know. Can I get you a cup of milk, or cider?"

It is certainly useful to keep a sprain handy. "Thank you, my dear," said he. "I'm really not fit to be on my legs yet, on my life and soul: and perhaps a draught of cider will wash a little of that sand further down. 'Twas downright good luck that I took the wrong turn, after all. Why, you must be one of the original Sand Witches—eh? Would you mind giving a wounded soldier an arm as far as that chair?"

She did not smile at his pun—possibly it was the first that had ever been born in her hearing: but she very frankly and gently held out her hand to the guest whom Squire Carew honoured above all men. He took it with his left, and rested

his right upon an arm which rather amazed him, it felt so strong and firm. So, putting on an extra limp in order that he might give the hand an extra squeeze, he reached Master Derrick's own chair of un cushioned oak, and dropped into its angular hardness with a grateful sigh.

"Thank you, my dear," said he. "And so you really live all alone in the middle of this sand—I know you, you see. I saw you in church only last Sunday; and you may lay your life and soul to mine that I remembered it better than the sermon. I'm Captain Quickset, you know—of the Household Service. Not a very likely sort of person to turn up in these parts, eh? But a soldier never knows where he may be tomorrow. . . . Ah: the cider. You're a regular Shebe, on my life and soul. Cider from such fingers is worth all the Squire's claret—it's Imperial Tokay!"

"I'm glad you like it, Sir," said Nance. "Father thinks it a good tap!"

"And I warrant my friend Carew is of the same opinion, eh? I should, if I were he—and drop round pretty often to try. But though he's my friend, he's a bit of an ass, all the same. Only think—with the prettiest girl in England almost next door to him, he's gone and tumbled head over ears in love with that white-washed piece of goods, Miss What's-her-Name—Openshaw. What do you think of that? Over head and ears, on my life and soul."

"He has seen her, then!" said Nance, rather quickly: rather to herself than to him. "Will you have any more cider, Sir?" She interrupted herself even more quickly than she had spoken.

"But what do you think of it?" asked the Captain, even more quickly still. "Don't you think him a fool?" And as he spoke he looked at her eyes so hard that, by all the rules of such contests, she was bound either to blush or to smile.

But she did neither: for she was none of the Captain's duchesses, whoever they were, and did not know the rules. "I don't think, Sir," she answered, quite simply and gravely. "Only if Squire Carew had a wife, it would be the best thing could happen. And there isn't a lady in the place but Miss Openshaw, nor a gentleman but him. So it's how it ought to be—that's all."

"But it isn't all," said the Captain. "It means that he hasn't eyes in his head for the prettiest girl in Devon—ay, or in London: for I've seen 'em all. Do you mean to tell me, my dear, that what's called a gentleman is only to fall in love with what's called a lady? Why I, Captain Quickset, though I'm a King's officer, and could marry six marchionesses tomorrow, would rather be sitting here listening to your talk and having you look at me with those sweet eyes of yours than—than—anywhere." She's one of the stupid ones, that want it strong, thought he.

She did colour a little at last: but her eyes showed no signs of having received a compliment as she gave him back a look even more straight than his own. "If I was a gentleman, Sir," she said, "I should speak to every girl as if she was a lady—whatever she might be. I'm not a lady, I know: but I'd choose to be spoke to as if I were."

"Why—as if there was a duchess that wouldn't give her best ear-rings to have me say of her eyes what I've said of yours! Of course I wouldn't say it—because it wouldn't be true: that's all. I can't help telling the truth, you see—whenever I think a thing, out it comes. Come and take your work and sit down by me: and if you want to be talked to like a lady—I'll show you how a gentleman talks to a lady: never fear. Come, my dear: you needn't be afraid of a sprained lamb."

"I know how a gentleman talks to a lady, Sir, without showing. You may rest here, and welcome—but I've got my day's work to look after, and so you won't mind if I go on with it before father comes in." The words might have been spoken either roughly or sharply, but were actually spoken neitherwise; on the contrary, one of the Captain's own duchesses could not have set him down with more admirable courtesy, as she placed the breadth of the kitchen between him and herself by busying herself about the dresser.

So cold and so complete, indeed, were both the dignity and the courtesy that any ordinary officer and gentleman would have felt humbled without being made angry thereby. But Captain Quickset was no ordinary gentleman. "If that isn't as straight and fair a challenge as ever I had in my life!" he exclaimed within himself, admiringly. "This is quick work, on my life and soul—here goes"—and, throwing off his sprain, he made but three steps across the floor. That's how a gentleman talks to a lady!" he said, pressing his lips to her cheek, and throwing his arm round her waist. "That's the!"

"And that's how he's answered, you blackguard!" he was answered, in a very different voice than what he looked for, as a strong hand from behind him clutched his coat collar and sent him spinning half-way back to his chair. And, when he recovered his balance, he found himself towered over by Francis Carew, looking thunder.

But even then, assaulted and insulted as he was, his lips did not for more than a moment lose their accustomed smile. "Why—Frank, old fellow!" he exclaimed, "aren't you at the Vicarage? And what in the name of fortune's the matter? A gentleman can't quarrel before girls, or I should have been obliged to knock you down, Frank; I should, indeed, on my life and soul."

"We'll soon put that right," said Francis. "Don't be put out, Nance," he said to the girl. "You'll never be treated this way again. As for you, Sir—we can settle things between us out of doors, as you don't like to quarrel—before girls."

"And please—please, Squire," said Nance, all confused and eager, "don't quarrel about one: about me. A coward's not worth quarrelling with—nor a girl worth quarrelling for. He can't hurt you—not me. I'm not ashamed now; but I shall be, if you don't let him go."

"All right, Nance," said Francis. "Don't trouble yourself about what concerns me—this is my own affair. Captain Quickset is my guest, and you are my bailiff's daughter. Now, Sir, I am going back to Hornacombe; and I presume my way will be yours."

Nance had thought she knew her father's master; but his new manner bewildered and silenced her. He spoke as one having purpose and authority, and no longer like one who had nothing to live for, save the slow slaughtering of time. Moreover, being unused to speech, even of the shortest, she had left herself nothing more to say. So Francis stalked out haughtily, as if she were, in herself, and otherwise than as a part of his estate, of no more account than one of the kitchen chairs, while Quickset, throwing her a nod, airily followed at his heels.

As soon as they were half across the dunes, Francis faced round to speak, but before he had spoken half a word, the Captain, holding out his hand, struck in.

"There, Frank—I forgive you," said he. "I didn't know I was trespassing. On my life and soul, I thought you were struck through the heart by the fair Mabel. But there's no mischief done—not a grain. You can't expect a man to sit with a pretty milkmaid as if she was his grandmother or he was hers; and, look you, you shall kiss my little danceshoes, as the French say, and I'll look on—and that'll make all square. I thought you had a soul above vulgar jealousy,

Frank—I did indeed. Good Lord, how they would laugh, in town or Tunbridge Wells, if they'd seen how you fired up about a milkmaid! Never mind—I won't tell; though a good joke isn't a thing to be thrown away."

Now that he was in the open air, Francis Carew himself was beginning to be a little puzzled. Most assuredly there was a time, not many days ago, when he would not have dreamed of taking seriously such a trifles as a kiss given to a country girl by a beau. So why should he do so now? How had come to pass that even a country girl's cheeks had become, in a sense, sacred, and that the splendid and brilliant Captain Quickset was every moment shrinking more and more into the likeness of a cur? And a cur who not only made light of insulting Nance Derrick, but who dared to speak of Mabel Openshaw by her Christian name!

"I'm not going to say much," said he. "Nance Derrick is nothing to me—more than that she's a girl, and too good a girl to be played with till her head's turned. And I'm not going to let it be. While you're my guest, you'll keep clear of that cottage. After that?"

"Well? After that? You'd better turn Parson Pen-gold's curate, Frank. It won't seem so comical to hear you preaching, then. And here's your first text for you—'Why it's worse to kiss a pretty girl, that likes it, than to drink yourself blind, and play cards of a Sunday, and to steal your neighbour's game.' Ah, 'tis easy to turn Saint, when somebody else is the Sinner. What would the pretty girl have said if a King's officer had slunk off without doing a soldier's first duty all over the world? Why it was the prettiest thing to see how the little coquette made love to me—the prettiest thing in the world. All so fresh—all so artlessly artful: so artfully artless, you know. It was a shame your tumbling in just at the very nick—it was, Frank, on my life and soul."

"I've known Nance Derrick," said Francis, very slowly and weightily, "ever since I came to Hornacombe. A girl doesn't change her nature all in a minute: nor a man. Bring your thoughts together. You have said that she threw herself into your arms. Do you now say that is true?"

"Frank," said the Captain, almost ceasing to smile, "it is a sad truth that there is something about me—Heaven knows what—that simply compels a woman to throw herself into my arms: yes—by dozens: by scores. I'm not bragging: I wish I were. The poor things can't help themselves: they never think how embarrassing it must be to me. But what's one to do? If a woman throws herself into your arms, you can't throw her out again. 'Twas as much as I could do to escape from the Parson's, 'twixt you and I—and out of the frying-pan into the fire. Yes, Frank: the little brown baggage was as willing!"

"That's enough," said Francis. "If a man brags about women falsely, he's a liar: if truly, he's a coward and a cur. You may have your kennel and your bones at Hornacombe, like any other stray dog, till you put your tail between your legs, and go: but not another word passes between you and me. If you wish me to hear from you, you can write: or you can find a friend."

"What! Fight about a milkmaid? Bah! Why, I should be the laughing-stock of all the town. If it was about Mabel, now—and if I wasn't crippled with this confounded sprain—Why, you must be tired of your life, Frank. Do you forget that I've winged my man, for less cause, seventeen times—eighteen, I should say? Well, well. Don't be afraid. I'll spare you."

But Francis had stridden on, not deigning to answer. It may seem a trifles to have separated two friends, who, being so different, seemed by rights made for one another. But then, be it remembered, until last Monday no woman had appeared to stir up ever ready mischief: and Francis knew as well as Quickset, and Quickset as well as Francis, that the quarrel itself was not what it seemed—that it was no more about poor Nance Derrick than it was about the black rock on Hornacombe Sand, but was about Mabel Openshaw, who had barely been so much as named by either, and by Francis not at all.

There are women who, no more meaning it than they mean any other mischief, can no more help setting men by the ears than they can help existing. They may be the sweetest and gentlest of their sex, or they may be just the contrary: they may be witty or dull, fair or plain—it makes no difference. Wherever Helen went armies followed her, and fought because of her. And if she had been born only into an English country village, every man in that place must have become an Esau, with his hand against every man and every man's hand against him, and all without any fault of hers—indeed, without her knowing anything about the matter; for she would never be the pretext of such quarrels, though always the cause. Mabel may not have been one of these Helens; and certainly no mortal could accuse her of having wittingly sown the seeds of strife that had grown up about Nance. But she had inspired Francis, at any rate, with the spirit of love combative, which is, indeed, the original mode of that multi-form passion, regarding a woman as a creature to be won by the strong hand rather than by the soft tongue. But she, or the love that came in her name, had furthermore inspired him with something better than the desire of the primitive lover to knock some rival down. She was a woman; and, for no other reason, every other woman had become consecrated by belonging to the same sex as she. In protecting Nance Derrick from insult he felt himself vindicating Mabel's own womanhood from profanation. And no wonder, therefore, he became somewhat inconsistent with himself, for all such instincts were new to him; while Mabel, if she had inspired many other things, had not yet awakened self-conscious reflection in the Squire of Hornacombe. The rest was nature—that would have been miracle.

(To be continued.)

Dr. Edward Hamilton has been elected to fill the chair of surgery in the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, vacated by the death of Dr. Stannus Hughes.

The most recent development in the manufacture of reservoir penholders is the "Swift" Reservoir Pen, introduced by Messrs. De la Rue and Co. While possessing the best features of the Anti-Stylograph, this holder has the further immense advantage of being adapted for the reception of ordinary nibs.

Lady Leigh on Thursday week opened a new eye hospital, which has been erected in Edmund-street, Birmingham, to take the place of the old institution in Temple-row, which has long proved inadequate to meet the numerous demands made upon it. The cost of the new hospital and appliances is estimated at £20,000.

On a site presented by the Duke of Westminster, have been opened what are designated the St. George, Hanover-square "New Parochial Buildings," which comprise dwellings for the working classes, a large hall for meetings, concerts, and entertainments, a workman's club, youths' club and gymnasium, a lode for the St. George's branch of the Girls' Friendly Society, a lending library, kitchen, a room for parish work, and a dispensary and apartments for medical officers. The buildings occupy a large space of ground in Little Grosvenor-street, and have been erected at a cost £19,000, nearly the whole of which has been raised.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

A NORTH OF IRELAND SKETCH.

Terence tried to kiss away his wife's tears, but they flowed again and again as he held her in his stalwart arms, for she could not bear the thought of parting with him even for a couple of days. Although they had been married for eighteen months now, this was the first time they had ever been separated for more than a few moments, and Norah would have walked cheerfully with her husband every inch of the twenty miles to Castle-Carney but for the duty that kept her at home. This duty, aged six months, was now crying in its little cradle, and stubbornly refused to be quiet, in spite of its mother's spasmodic mandates, given between her sobs, to "whist now, darlint."

"Norah, lovey, don't take on so," said Terence, pushing back his wife's glossy black hair from her forehead and looking through her tears into her honest blue eyes that reflected the lovelight from his own. "Sure I'll be back to-morrow night; it's for our good and the good of the little one there that I am going."

"Oh Tirince! What'll I do widout ye this long day and the next? It seems like parting with ye for iver." And she buried her face in his waistcoat until the renewed sounds of the infant's voice forced her away. Planting one more passionate kiss on her husband's lips, and with "the Lord protect ye, dearest," she passed into the cabin, and silently dropping her tears on the child, grew calmer as the little thing proceeded with its baby meal.

The house in which they lived was nothing but a one-roomed cabin. It had a potato patch and a quarter of an acre of pasture land at the back, and a muddy pond in the front. To the outside world not by any means an enticing dwelling, but despite its poorness there was not a happier couple in all Ireland, from Malin Head to Cape Clear, than Terence and Norah O'Brady. For the cottage, humble as it was, realised the ambition of their youth. Ever since they were boy and girl, and laboured together in the same field, their one thought had been to save enough to justify them in becoming man and wife. A cow, half a score of ducks, and a few poor, shabby, necessary sticks were all their worldly possessions; but every bit of furniture had its separate history of love and hope. The table had been selected months before Terence could afford to buy it, and they both often laughed now when they remembered how Norah had surprised him with the chairs earned with her own hands. It was a proud moment when Terence led home his bride—she a loving, contented wife, he a devoted, honest husband. And so they had remained ever since. Both cherished life as cordially as each loved the other. Every day strengthened their happiness; and the baby came as yet another link in their already strong chain of mutual devotion. No wonder, then, that though it promised to be but for a few hours, Norah deeply felt the parting with her husband.

But for all her uneasiness, for all her sadness at her husband's absence, for all her soothing of her crying baby, she was still proud of the expedition that had taken Terence away, and anxious for the result of it. In this great world it was but a matter beneath insignificance, yet to Mr. and Mrs. O'Brady the possession of a few acres of bog land, the yearly value of which would hardly pay for the landlord's dinner, appeared to them the first step towards affluence. Many a serious conversation husband and wife had together over it before they decided that Terence could see his way to make it pay him. And then when Norah gave in to his judgment, and he determined to see the owner of the property and make his offer, she had hardly realised the great sacrifice that his absence would demand of her. However, he was gone now, and she could only pray for his success and safe return, and go with as light a heart as possible to her daily work. Taking the child with her, she trudged briskly along, with hope expanding in the sunshine of her bright thoughts, and was merrily busy, haymaking fork in hand, some time before her fellow-labourers had commenced.

With her baby cooing under the hedge, and her thoughts following every footstep of her dear husband, she was the last to notice music that approached through the silent atmosphere. The balmy breezes blowing in calm intermittent waves of heat bore with them the unmistakable noise of fife and drum. The peasants rested on their rakes and listened. Nearer and nearer came the sound until the shrill notes of fifes and the resonant roll of drums asserted themselves definitely. Then everyone left off work and rushed to the roadside to see what they could.

Gradually it came in view. A long procession of sturdy men swept along the road, some with merry, some with serious faces, some full of vivacity, some careworn and thoughtful, but all determined and true to their cause. Here and there, at unequal intervals, came the bands, mustering according to the wealth or poverty of the lodges they were attached to, from a dozen musicians to one energetic drummer, while, from the bright yellow belt of the high officials to the simple rosette of the humblest follower, every man added his share to the brilliancy of the spectacle. For to-day was the 12th of July, the great anniversary of the Orangemen in Ireland, and they were going to attend a muster meeting of their craft at Castle-Carney to register protests and announce approbation. Dazzling and attractive as the cavalcade appeared, inspiring as were the strains of the tunes, Norah O'Brady shook her head and sighed a sigh of contentment as they passed along, inwardly thanking Heaven that her Terence was not among them. She was glad to think that his only politics related to his wife and child, and that he had no lodge but his own mud cabin. The distinctions between Loyalist and Nationalist, between Orangemen and Ribbonmen, did not concern him. He had no interest in party disputes, for he paid his rent regularly and worked for those who were dear to him. But Norah was naturally attracted with the splendour of the sight, and held her little baby above her head to get a full view of the brilliant moving mass of men.

The infant crowded with delight at the music, and shook its tiny hand at the vivid colours.

After the procession had disappeared, and the last strains of the music had died away in the distance, she returned cheerfully to her work; and when it was over for the day, went home with her live burden in her arms, grateful with the knowledge that she was twelve hours nearer her husband than when he had left her in the morning. Having bustled about her household duties, put the baby to bed, and had a look at the cow, she sat watching the crackling wood on the fire, and listening to the domestic hum of the boiling kettle, thinking what a happy woman she ought to be, and reproaching herself for crying this morning. Her tears could only have made Terence more miserable, and at a moment when he had such important business to think of; and, as he himself had said, "for the good of the little one." By the time she had finished her homely meal, the pangs of parting were not only over, but Norah had already begun to think of the delight of welcoming her husband again.

Although past her usual bed-time, she could not sleep; so she sat down and tried to read—maybe the Bible, perhaps some profane magazine—but all the words ran into each other, and made such sad nonsense that she put the book down and

turned to the dearest volume of her life, that lay before her in its cradle. Bending over it, and kissing it lightly so as not to disturb its slumbers, she thought of everything that had happened from the time of her husband's departure; and when she remembered the bright procession of Orangemen, she smiled to find herself unwittingly humming the lively airs of "Boyne Water" and "Protestant Boys." It was nearly twelve o'clock before she went to bed. How long she slept she could not remember; but she awoke with a start on hearing a firm, decided knock at the cottage door. For a moment she held her breath. What could it mean? The rapping was repeated, with extra force this time it seemed. Rising silently, and throwing some clothes hastily about her, she took her child from its bed, and going to the door, asked, in a voice that terror had made husky,

"Who's there?"

"Larry Sullivan. Let me in, Mrs. O'Brady, for the love o' God!"

"What do you want?"

Larry, who lived in an adjacent village, did not bear a particularly good character; and, though Norah's fears practically vanished, she knew he could be on no respectable mission at this hour of the night. Yet he might want help or food, and his voice sounded distressful; so, without waiting for an answer, she quietly unbarred the door and drew the bolt. She was perfectly calm now; but the wan face of her visitor startled her. It was sometime before he spoke: his tongue seemed to cleave to his palate and he could hardly mutter the vague sentence:

"It's a bad business."

"What is?" asked Norah. All sorts of thoughts passed through her mind, but they were thoughts only of what trouble Larry could have got into to justify his appearance here.

"Poor Terence! they are bringing him along now."

Norah O'Brady started wildly forward as though to grasp Larry. Then she uttered a long low moan and tottered backwards into a chair. What had happened? How had it happened? Was her husband alive or dead? She wanted to ask the questions, but her paralysed lips could not form the words. All the acutest agonies of a suffering life were concentrated in the next few moments of suspense while she clutched convulsively at the air. The child, as though affected by the contagion of the mother's grief, began to cry; and, for the first time in its brief existence, its cries were unheeded. Poor kind-hearted Larry Sullivan stood at the doorway stroking his vapid face for want of other occupation, and not knowing in the least what he ought to do to show his sympathy or soothe the anguish of the sorrowing widow.

For such she was; nor had she long to wait before the horrible suspicion of the worst was confirmed.

A dozen lusty, true-hearted men brought home and laid on the same bed that he had risen from in the morning so full of life, love, and hope, the dead body of Terence O'Brady.

And between them they told her all that there was to tell.

There had been a riot. The gay crowd that had enlivened her in the morning, the procession that baby had chirruped at, and waved its hands at, had come into collision with a rival band. They fought. Stones had been thrown, sticks used, and revolvers fired off. The constabulary had charged the conflicting parties, and when comparative order was restored the leaders on both sides congratulated themselves and the authorities that but one life had been lost. It might have been so much worse, they thought. By an accident—no one knew how—Terence had become entangled in the mob, and he, favouring neither party, caring nothing for their opinions or quarrels, soberly engaged on his own humble business, was the only sufferer.

God! Was this justice? Norah asked again and again, as during the ensuing days of wild misery, with her brain almost wandering from the intensity of her anguish, she moved about mechanically, now clasping her baby spasmodically to her breast, now gazing vacantly at the burning candles as they stood around the coffin, casting a lurid glow on the placid features of her dead husband.

At last the time came when she could no longer have even the morbid satisfaction of looking on the motionless face she loved.

"Bear up, alannah," said a motherly, well-meaning neighbour, as Norah buried her head in the bed and groaned aloud in the deep despair of her broken heart, "Sure it's a mighty foine funeral."

A mighty foine funeral!

The words seemed to mock her. Was this to be her solace? Thoughts of her early love, how it had sprouted, budded, ripened; of the many merry incidents of her courtship, of the more prosaic ones of her married life, floated through her mind as the solemn mourners proceeded on their way. What consolation was it to the suffering widow that hundreds of sympathetic, loyal, true men, were marching with military regularity after the corpse. Would their gaudy ribbons, their flying banners, or the muffled music of their drums bring him back to her for a single moment? Could the sonorous sound of the burial service, the responses murmured by many compassionate voices, give her interest for the life that was henceforth without hope? For her the future was nothing but a dismal dreary blank.

As the weird procession passed the cottage door her shrill agonising shriek rang out against the merry cries of the infant, who crowded with delight at the music, and waved its tiny hands at the gay colours.

JAMES DAVIS.

The Lord Chancellor last week inaugurated the new buildings of St. Paul's Schools at Hammersmith, intended to accommodate 1000 boys.

The preliminary programme for the 28th meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, to be held at Birmingham from Sept. 17 to 24, has been issued. The Right Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., is the president.

Mr. Hudson, of Chester, who is chairman of the English Congregational Union of North Wales, has contributed five hundred pounds to the fund for the erection of a new Congregational church at Rhyl.

The annual summer Congress of the Royal Archaeological Institute will be held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, beginning next Tuesday, Aug. 5, and lasting till Wednesday, Aug. 13, the Duke of Northumberland acting as president.

Important conferences have been held at the Health Exhibition, Sir F. Abel presiding, upon the Water Supply, chiefly in relation to the Metropolis. Papers were read dealing with the sources of water supply, the quality of water, and the modes of distributing it.

Last week the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland held its annual show in Edinburgh—for the eleventh time in the capital since its shows were instituted in 1822. Unusual interest attached to this year's show, because the society celebrated in connection with it the attainment of its hundredth birthday. This event was specially commemorated at the centenary banquet on Wednesday week in the Music-hall, presided over by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

There is, perhaps, no institution of recent days more worthy of attention than the rate-supported libraries which are now spreading through the country. When we remember that the first Act enabling these libraries to be called into existence was passed about thirty years ago, the growth of them in cities like Manchester and Liverpool may well excite wonder. But it is a yet greater matter of surprise that great cities like Edinburgh, Dublin, and Glasgow have so far lagged behind as to be still without free lending libraries, and that London, considering its size and importance, is the greatest laggard of all. Five towns, including Belfast and Portsmouth, adopted the Acts in 1882, and six, the most important being Cheltenham, in 1883. It is significant, however, that among the six are two London suburbs, Wandsworth and Wimbledon. On the other hand, they have been rejected in six places, and two of them, Battersea and Brentford, also belong to the metropolitan area. The rejection of the Acts in large towns is not justified by experience. On the contrary, in almost every case in which a Free Library has been established the success has been unequivocal. Several of the annual reports for 1883 are before us, and it may be interesting to glean from them a few facts and statistics.

In the "Thirty-first Annual Report of the Free Public Library, Museum, and Walker Art-Gallery of the City of Liverpool," we are told that the institution has now attained a magnitude "which at its inception the most sanguine promoters could not have ventured to anticipate." In the Reference Library more than 466,000 volumes were issued during the year, and upwards of 2000 periodicals, and steps have been taken towards the establishment of branch reading-rooms in four different localities. When this prosperous institution was first established in Liverpool the penny rate produced little more than £3500 a year; in 1868 it yielded £7500, and last year the sum rose to £12,760. The building is now said to be the largest in extent, and the most comprehensive in scope, "of any kindred institution in the kingdom"; and how thoroughly it is appreciated by Liverpool citizens may be seen by the statistics. Now let us turn to Manchester. In this great city, in addition to a Reference Library, there are six Branch Libraries, and in the past year 1,191,588 volumes were issued either for perusal at home or in the reading-rooms, a number greater than has ever before been reached. Manchester, too, has special rooms for boys, which, to quote the words of the report, "are well filled during the whole time they are open with quiet and interested juveniles." At Newcastle, where the Free Library has not been in existence more than two or three years, it is stated in the second annual report that the success has proved of the most gratifying character: the report from Doncaster announces an increase in the number of volumes issued, and adds the suggestive statement that the news-room is much overcrowded and a larger room urgently required. At Plymouth, too, the popularity of the library is so great that an enlargement of the building is said to be indispensable. Five years ago, it will be remembered, the large Free Library of Birmingham was almost totally destroyed by fire, only 1000 books having been saved out of 50,000. The loss was, in some respects, irreparable, but the townsfolk were roused by it to fresh efforts, and by the summer of 1882 the building was restored and a new library created. The public spirit shown on this occasion deserves the highest praise, and proves that a vast centre of manufacturing industry is fully alive to the value of the higher wealth bequeathed by great authors.

In a new and most useful journal, the organ of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, the Librarian of the Athenæum Club gives an account of the progress of Free Public Libraries in 1883, and to this paper of figures and statistics we refer all our readers who are interested in the movement. It is surely one that ought to interest everybody. To give a man the means of reading is to put him in the way of being wise and happy; it is to present him with an introduction to the best society in the world, to friends who will not fail him in joy or sorrow, who will sweeten by their society the drudgery of his daily toil, who will make him more patient because more hopeful. Knowledge is the only leveller that no one has any cause to fear; books are the only companions that have no tempers to irritate, and that can be versed with at all seasons. A large number of persons live for several hours daily a machine-like life; their higher faculties are in danger of growing blunted; but the man who loves books will not consent to become a machine, will not lose his spiritual perceptions, will no longer be content to let the nobler faculties that distinguish humanity from the brutes "fust in him unused." We may be sure that the men who by tens of thousands frequent our free reading-rooms in the evenings will not form habits of tipping at the public-house; the boys trained by these noble institutions to love reading are not likely to grow up idle and dissolute.

And what schools for intellectual and political training are these libraries likely to prove! Readers who are sufficiently intelligent to do so will be able to look at a subject in all its aspects; they will learn that truth and wisdom are not confined to their own sect or party. Something, too, these libraries may do in welding together the different classes of the community. In the Free Reading-Room the poor man and the well-to-do man are on an equality. Both of them come there for the same purpose; both receive a like benefit. "All equal are within the Church's gate," said George Herbert—a statement which, unfortunately, is not always true; but it is true with regard to admission within the gate of the Free Library, and it is because no distinction is to be seen there between wealth and poverty—a distinction but too visible in pew-rented churches—that the Free Libraries are appreciated so heartily.

Windsor Castle State apartments are open to the public.

Last Saturday afternoon the Lord Mayor, who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, laid the foundation-stone of the Rainey Foundation Schools, Cannon-street-road, St. George's-in-the-East; and in the evening his Lordship, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, opened a flower show at the Eton Mission Floral Society's second annual meeting. The Lady Mayoress (Miss Fowler) distributed the prizes.

Lord Rosebery unveiled last Saturday afternoon, on the Thames Embankment, a bronze statue of Robert Burns, the work of Sir John Steell, R.S.A., presented to London by Mr. John Gordon Crawford, formerly a Glasgow merchant. A distinguished company was present, and Lord Rosebery made a graceful and appropriate speech in eulogy of the qualities possessed by the national poet of Scotland.

The Royal Humane Society's bronze medal and certificate have been presented to Alfred Edward Mitchell, a lad of only thirteen years of age, residing at Redbridge, near Southampton, in recognition of his courage in saving Walter Plant, aged five years, from drowning in the river Test. The boy Plant was playing with other children on the bank of the river, when he fell into the water. Mitchell, who was passing by, threw off his coat and waistcoat, jumped into the river, and saved the child. Well done, Alfred Edward Mitchell!



THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION AT NIGHT: THE FOUNTAINS ILLUMINATED.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 9, 1880), with a codicil (dated July 20, 1882), of Dame Jane Dukinfield, widow of the Rev. Sir Henry Robert Dukinfield, Bart., late of No. 33, Eaton-place, who died on May 25 last, has been proved by Viscount Gort and Sir Charles William Frederick Craufurd, Bart., the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testatrix, after bequeathing numerous pecuniary and specific legacies, leaves the residue of her property to her said nephew.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1882), with four codicils (dated July 18 and 30, and Aug. 14 and 22, 1883), of Sir Edward Marwood Elton, Bart., J.P., D.L., late of Wideworthy Court, Devon, who died on April 18 last, at No. 31, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, has been proved by the Rev. Alfred Elton, George Upton Robins, and George Burges, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to the minister and churchwardens of the parish of Wideworthy, upon trust, to lay out the interest in the purchase of food and winter clothing to be distributed annually at Christmas time among the poor of the said parish; and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he settles upon his relative the Rev. Alfred Elton.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1877), with a codicil (dated Sept. 20, 1882), of Mr. James Bland, formerly of Liverpool, but late of Henley Park, Henley-on-Thames, who died on April 7 last, was proved on June 30 by George Henry Horsfall, David Jardine, and Alfred Fletcher, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £162,000. The testator bequeaths his plate, statuary, pictures, and water-colour drawings to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one; his furniture, household effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and £500 to his wife, Mrs. Georgina Mary Bland; £50,000, upon trust, for her, for life; in the event of her marrying again the sum to be so held, upon trust, is reduced to £10,000; and the trustees are directed to pay the rent of a residence for his wife. On the death or marriage again of his wife £20,000 is to be divided among his children, as she shall appoint. He also bequeaths £20,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1880), with three codicils (dated April 26 and Oct. 6, 1882, and Nov. 8, 1883), of Mr. Thomas Glover Kensit, formerly of Skinners' Hall, Dowgate-hill, but late of No. 25, Bruton-street, Berkeley-square, who died on May 3 last, was proved on the 8th ult. by George Kensit, the son, the Rev. Charles Frederick Norman, and Miss Emily Kensit, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £142,000. The testator makes some specific bequests to his three children, and gives legacies to his sister, executors, late clerk, and servant. He leaves £2000 per annum to his daughter, Miss Emily Kensit, and £1000 per annum to his son, George, both for ten years. The remainder of the income of his property is to be held, upon trust, for accumulation during such period; and at the expiration thereof, five-sixths of the then income are to be paid to his said son and daughter during their joint lives and the life of the survivor of them, and one-sixth to his grandsons, Charles Kensit Norman and Thomas Kensit Norman. On the death of the survivor of his son and daughter, the Manors of Bradfield Manningtree and Mistley, and certain farms in Essex, are settled on his grandson Edward Kensit Norman; and all the ultimate residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said grandsons, Charles and Thomas.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1884), with a codicil (dated March 19 following), of Miss Letitia D'Arcy Irvine, late of Carter's Hotel, Albemarle-street, who died on April 5 last, was proved on June 27 by Henry Bertie Watkin Williams Wynn and General Sir Frederick William Hamilton, K.C.B., the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £74,000. The testatrix devises her Shropshire estates to the said Mr. H. B. W. Wynn for life; then to William, Lord Bagot, for life, with remainder to the person who shall be or become entitled to the barony of Bagot, conditionally on none of the tenants at the time of her death being turned out of their holdings so long as they continue to pay their rents, and none of such tenants' rents are to be raised. There are legacies to her relatives, executors, god-daughter, maid, the servants of her sister the late Viscountess Dungannon, and others; and numerous articles are specifically bequeathed as mementoes of her. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to William D'Arcy Irvine.

The will (dated April 5, 1876) of Captain Francis Garratt, formerly of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, who died on May 23 last, at Hillingdon Hill, Middlesex, has been proved by John Garratt, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator gives legacies to his brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, and the residue of his real and personal property to his said brother, John.

The will (dated June 19, 1879) of Mr. Alfred Austin, C.B., late of No. 67, Queen's-gardens, Bayswater, who died on May 19 last, has been proved by Mrs. Eliza Austin, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated March 24, 1884) of Mr. John Antoine Bradshaw, late of No. 2, Alfred-terrace, Upper Holloway, who died on March 25 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by Daniel Leggatt and the Rev. Samuel Bardsley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator specifically devises his freehold property and ground-rents to relatives, holders of the leases, mortgagees, and others; and gives several legacies, including £500 Consols, upon trust, to apply the income in the purchase of coals and groceries, to be distributed at or shortly before Christmas among at least sixty poor persons of the parish of Finchley. All the residue of his property is to be equally divided between the Orphan Working School; the Asylum for Fatherless Children, Reedham; the Female Orphan Asylum; the East London Hospital for Children; the London Orphan Asylum, Watford; the School for the Indigent Blind; the Girls' Village Home; the Home for Working and Destitute Lads; the Home for Working Girls; the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road; St. Bartholomew's Hospital; King's College Hospital; University College Hospital; Middlesex Hospital; the British Home for Incurables; the Royal Hospital for Incurables; the Strangers' Friend Society; the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society; the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood; the National Society for the Protection of Young Girls; the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution; and the Working Men's College.

Newcastle has been selected as the place of meeting next year of the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference.

A donation of £100 has been made by the Company of Grocers to the funds of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

EMMO (Darlington).—Both versions shall be carefully examined, and one or other shall soon appear.

F. L. G. (Tiflis).—The game is interesting, but your adversary's play is rather weak. We should be glad to see a more favourable specimen of his powers when opposed to you.

R. B. (Southend).—Your problems are under examination, and you shall have a report shortly.

E. L. G. (Blackwater).—The solution numbered 2 is the author's, but we defer its publication, at his request.

B. H. C. (Salisbury).—The author of No. 2096 admits the accuracy of your analysis.

J. R. (Creditor).—No. 2078 was worthy of reproduction. We presume it appeared under your name in the paper mentioned.

W. B. (Stratford).—Please send corrected diagram.

PASQUEVILLE (Moscow).—In No. 2102 the White Rock cannot be played to Q B 3rd, as it stands on Q R 6th in the diagram.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2101 received from Robert P. Surby (Buenos Ayres), E. L. G. (Blackwater), F. P. (Hamburg), T. Galashin (Junior), E. H. and R. Blackhall; of No. 2103 from Antonio da Silva Pereira Magalhaes, Hermit, Hofstade de Groot (Groningen), Com. Hofstade de Groot (Leipzig), Hereward, B. W. M. Manby, H. Z. C. Monckton, E. L. G. Café Xavier (Brussels), John Cornish, B. H. Cochrane, F. P. (Hamburg), G. M. (H.M.S. Temeraire), Pierce Jones, and E. G. H. (Worthing).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2101 received from Robert P. Surby (Buenos Ayres), E. L. G. (Blackwater), F. P. (Hamburg), T. Galashin (Junior), E. H. and R. Blackhall; of No. 2103 from Antonio da Silva Pereira Magalhaes, Hermit, Hofstade de Groot (Groningen), Com. Hofstade de Groot (Leipzig), Hereward, B. W. M. Manby, H. Z. C. Monckton, E. L. G. Café Xavier (Brussels), John Cornish, B. H. Cochrane, F. P. (Hamburg), G. M. (H.M.S. Temeraire), Pierce Jones, and E. G. H. (Worthing).**

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2100.

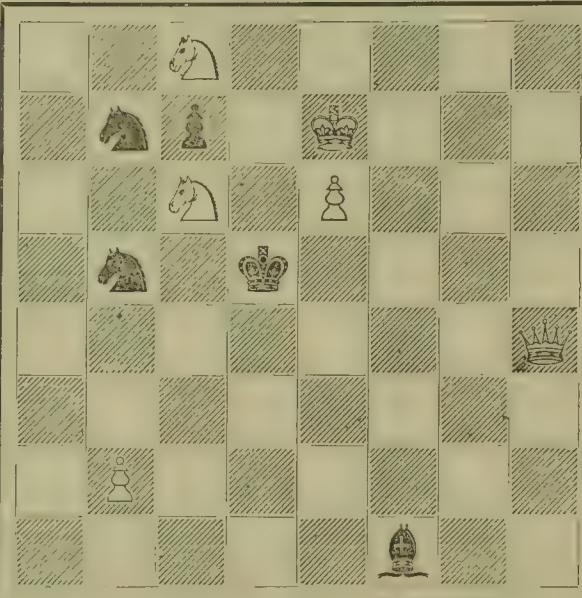
WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K Kt 7th. K takes Kt *
2. Kt to K 5th Any move
3. Mates accordingly.

* If Black play 1. K to Q 4th, White continues with 2. Q to B 3rd (ch); if 1. Kt takes P, then 2. Kt takes P (ch), and if 1. P Queen, then 2. Kt to Q B 5th (ch), mating in each case on the following move.

We defer the solution of No. 2101 until Mr. Blackburne, the author, has had an opportunity of reconstructing the problem.

PROBLEM No. 2106.
By JOSEPH POSPIŠIL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played at the Prague Chess Club, between Herr F. Moucka and another Amateur.

(From Svetozor. Four Knights' Game.)
WHITE (Herr M.) BLACK (Herr Z.) WHITE (Herr M.) BLACK (Herr Z.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 11. K B P takes P B takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 12. P takes B Q to K 2nd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd 13. Castles Kt to Q R 3rd
4. Kt takes K P Our contemporary calls this the 14. B to Q. R 3rd Q to R 5th
"Müller-Schultz" gambit. 15. B to Kt 5th (ch) K to Q sq
4. Kt takes Kt 16. R takes K B P Kt to K R 3rd
5. P to Q 4th Kt to Q B 3rd 17. Q to K R 6th
6. P to Q 5th Kt to Q Kt sq A very fine conception.
7. P to K 5th Kt to K Kt sq 17. Q takes Q
8. P to K B 4th Kt to Q Kt sq It was "Hobson's" choice. To avoid
9. B to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd the mate he must have lost the Queen.
10. P to Q R 4th P takes P 18. B to K 7th. Mate.

A meeting of metropolitan and provincial chessplayers was held at Simpson's Divan on the evening of Thursday, the 24th ult., to promote the formation of a National Chess Association, Mr. Thomas Hewitt, the founder of the *Westminster Papers*, presiding on the occasion. Mr. Cubison in brief terms explained the object of the meeting, and dwelt upon the usefulness of a National Chess Association to which existing clubs might be affiliated, and proposed that it should be named the British Chess Association. The proposition was supported by the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell, and carried unanimously. The Rev. W. Wayte then proposed that the governing body of the British Chess Association should consist of one president, three vice-presidents, and a committee of twenty-one members. The following are the officers elected. President—Earl Dartrey; Vice-Presidents—Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Robert Peel, M.P., and Mr. John Ruskin; Council—Messrs. W. Donisthorpe, P. T. Duffy, F. H. Gastineau, Thomas Hewitt, P. Hirschfeld, F. H. Lewis, Rev. G. A. Macdonell, J. I. Minchin, C. E. Mudie, Dr. Reeves, J. H. Walsh, and the Rev. W. Wayte (all of London), N. Bateson Wood (Manchester), Rev. J. Greene (Clifton), E. K. E. Marden (Liverpool), Rev. C. E. Ranken (Malvern), Rev. A. B. Skipworth (Hornastle), Robert Steel (Calcutta), J. O. H. Taylor (Norwich), E. Thorold (Bath), and G. E. Walton (Birmingham). A motion to the effect that the council should have power to elect *ex officio* members to represent metropolitan and provincial chess clubs was proposed by Mr. Donisthorpe, and unanimously carried, as was also Mr. Skefford's motion that the terms of membership and federation of clubs be relegated to the decision of the council. Mr. W. H. Cubison was elected treasurer, and Mr. L. Hoffer secretary of the association. A vote of thanks to the chairman and to the proprietors of Simpson's Divan concluded the proceedings, which were marked by the greatest unanimity throughout the evening.

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OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES FORBES, BART.

Sir Charles John Forbes, fourth Baronet, of Newe and Edinglassie, in the county of Aberdeen, D.L., one of the Queen's Body-Guard for Scotland, died on the 24th ult. He was born March 24, 1843, the elder son of Sir Charles Forbes, third Baronet; and, as heir male general of Alexander, third Lord Forbes, of Pitligo, claimed that peerage. He was head of the mercantile firm of Sir Charles Forbes and Co., of Bombay, and in 1877 succeeded to the baronetcy, which was conferred in 1823 on his grandfather, Sir Charles Forbes, an eminent Bombay merchant. He married, April 5, 1864, Helen, second daughter of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe, Bart., of Moncreiffe, and leaves one son, now Sir Charles Stewart Forbes, fifth Baronet, born Jan. 19, 1867, and three daughters.

SIR LAURENCE PEEL.

The Right Hon. Sir Laurence Peel, P.C., M.A., Hon. D.C.L. Oxford, Bencher of the Middle Temple, died on the 22nd ult. at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, in his eighty-fifth year. He was third son of Mr. Joseph Peel, of Bowes, Middlesex, brother of the first Sir Robert Peel, Bart. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, graduated 1821, was called to the Bar in 1824, went the Northern Circuit, and in 1842, after filling the office of Advocate General at Calcutta, was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court there, and knighted by Patent. He retired in 1855, became one of the Directors of the East India Company in 1857, Treasurer of the Middle Temple in 1866, and in 1871 a paid Member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He wrote a biography of his cousin, Sir Robert Peel, the great statesman, and was a frequent correspondent of the *Times* on legal and general topics.

HON. AND REV. CANON LYTTELTON.

Hon. and William Henry Lyttelton, M.A., Canon of Gloucester and Rector of Hagley, died on the 24th ult. He was born April 3, 1820, the youngest son of William Henry, third Lord Lyttelton, by Sarah, his wife, daughter of the second Earl Spencer, K.G.; was educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Cambridge, and, taking holy orders, became Rector of Hagley in 1847. In 1850 he was appointed Hon. Canon of Worcester, and in 1880 Canon of Gloucester. He was an ardent advocate of education, and a warm promoter of the philanthropic movements of his time. He married, first, in 1854, Emily, youngest daughter of Dr. Pepys, Bishop of Worcester (which lady died in 1877), and secondly, in 1880, Constance Ellen, daughter of the Hon. and Very Rev. Grantham Yorke, Dean of Worcester, but leaves no issue.

GENERAL HOPE GIBSONE.

General John Charles Hope Gibsonne, of Pentland, Midlothian, J.P. and D.L., Colonel of the 17th Lancers, formerly of the 7th Dragoons, died on the 18th ult. at Redcross Lodge, Leamington, aged seventy-four. He was only son of Major-General David Anderson, afterwards Gibsonne, by Helen, his wife, only child and heiress of Sir John Gibsonne, Bart., of Pentland. After receiving his education at Harrow and Edinburgh, he entered as cornet the 7th Dragoons, served throughout the Kafir War of 1846-7, and had the command and led the charge of cavalry in the decisive affair of Gwanga. He was subsequently in command of the Cavalry Dépôt at Newbridge 1854 to 1856, at Canterbury 1857 to 1860, and at Maidstone 1860 to 1862. In the last-named year he was promoted to Major-General, and to the rank of General in 1877. He married Nov. 3, 1835, Jane Louisa, only daughter of Mr. Hugh Saye Bringloe, of Edinburgh, and had two sons and three daughters.

MR. J. H. LLOYD.

Mr. John Horatio Lloyd, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, late of 1, King's Bench Walk, Temple, formerly the Liberal M.P. for Stockport, died at his residence, 100, Lancaster-gate, aged eighty-five, on the 18th ult. He was son of Mr. John Lloyd, of Stockport, banker, was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, graduated first class in classics, in 1822, was elected Fellow at Brasenose in 1824, and called to the Bar in 1826. His legal knowledge was widely known, and his opinion frequently sought by the leaders of the Liberal Party. Mr. Lloyd married Caroline, daughter of Mr. Holland Watson, J.P., and had issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Charles Frederick Staunton, M.D., Royal Artillery, the last surviving officer of the Euphrates Expedition.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Roxburgh, late H.E.I.C.S., on the 11th ult., aged eighty-two, just ten days after his wife.

Anna Maria Howitt, wife of Alaric Alfred Watts, and elder daughter of William and Mary Howitt, on the 23rd ult., at Diethen, Tyrol, aged sixty.

Mr. Thomas Greig, of Glencarse, Perthshire, J.P. and D.L., on the 23rd ult., aged eighty-three. He was thrice married; his eldest son is Thomas Watson Greig, of Lassintullich, J.P.

The Rev. Joseph Finch Fenn, Hon. Canon of Gloucester Cathedral, Vicar of Christchurch, Cheltenham, and Proctor for the Archdeanery of Gloucester, on the 22nd ult.

Mr. Waller Angelo Otway, only son of Sir Arthur Otway, Bart., M.P., Chairman of Ways and Means, and of Henrietta, his wife, daughter of Sir James Langham, tenth Baronet, on the 17th ult.

Mr. Caledon Du Pré Alexander, suddenly, at his residence, 30, Belgrave-square, on the 18th ult., aged sixty-seven; he was eldest son of Mr. Josias Du Pré Alexander, M.P., and grandnephew of the first Earl of Caledon.

General Henry William Matthews, Bengal Infantry (retired), at the age of seventy-eight; a distinguished Indian officer; served in the campaigns in Afghanistan, 1839-40; was at the battle of Maharajpore in 1843, and at Sobraon in 1846.

Mary Penelope, Viscountess Bridport and Duchess of Bronté, wife of Alexander Nelson, present Viscount Bridport, Duke of Bronté, on the 15th ult. Her Ladyship was born Sept. 3, 1817, second daughter of the third Marquis of Downshire, married Aug. 2, 1838, and had several children.

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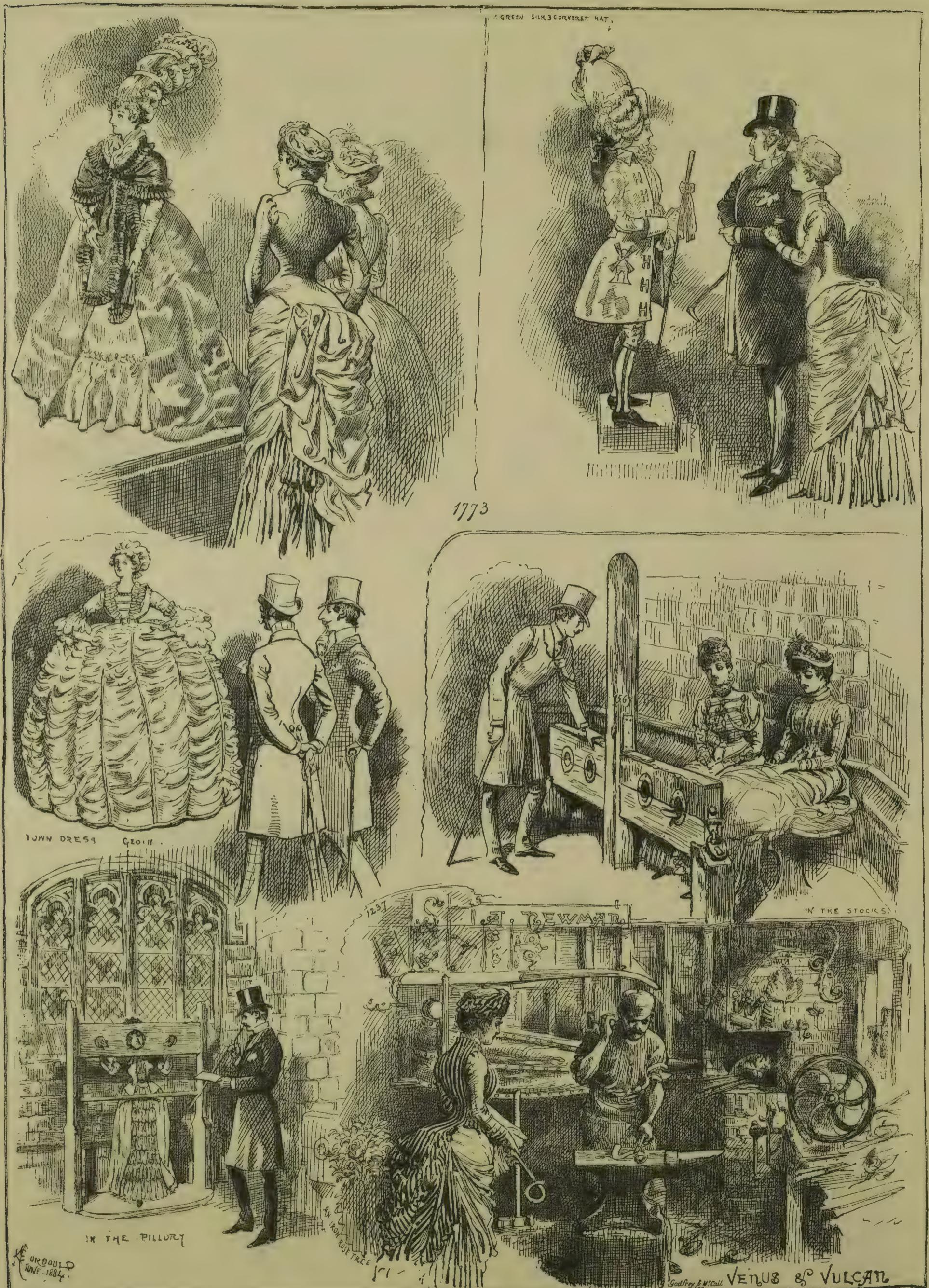
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NEW BOOKS.

The only edition of "Cowper's Life and Works" worthy of the poet was published by Southey in 1835. The life has the charm of Southey's delightful style, and the works have the benefit of his well-known accuracy and extensive knowledge of literature. The biography is not one of his best books, for sorrow had subdued the writer's elastic spirits and had made an old man of him before his time, but it is full of literary knowledge and critical sagacity—a book which, if its judgments do not in every instance command assent, must always be read with pleasure. The present age likes to read the classic authors of England in selections. Very recently, Mrs. Oliphant produced what may be termed a representative volume of Cowper's poetry, and now the Rev. W. Benham gives us *Letters of William Cowper, edited with Introduction* (Macmillan and Co.). We have always held, with Southey, that Cowper's letters are the most beautiful in the language, the most artless, the most humorous, the most graceful in point of style, and perhaps, though this is less certain, the richest in matter. They enable us to know the man and to sympathise with him as with a friend whom we see daily. His little daily pleasures, his one great sorrow, his literary ambition, his warm affections, his natural charity of heart, which is apt to be concealed when he puts on the cloak of the theologian, are described or expressed in the poet's letters with the utmost freedom and simplicity. Mr. Benham prints nearly two hundred, and states that he has collated them with the original manuscripts where they have been within his reach, and restored much which had been suppressed. It must have been a pleasant task, and it is one for which readers should be grateful. In these hasty days, when every month, and not, as De Quincey said, every year, buries its own literature, busy people may hesitate to take up three or four volumes of correspondence. The best that Cowper has done as a letter writer is preserved here, and there is not a page of the little volume that will not be found "worthy the reading." We may add that Mr. Benham's careful Introduction supplies the knowledge requisite for the full enjoyment of the letters. It is to be hoped that they will enlarge the popularity of a writer whose prose style is equal to that of Addison or Goldsmith. What a charming essayist Cowper would have made!

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, grandson of the celebrated essayist and critic, is well known, especially to the students of our early literature, as an editor and book-maker. *Offspring of Thought in Solitude: Modern Essays* (Reeves and Turner) is the latest volume from his pen. It consists of short papers on a great variety of topics, written with considerable knowledge, and in a measure also with vivacity. Mr. Carew Hazlitt, however, is not what one may call a born essayist. He writes in this form for convenience sake, scarcely because his thoughts and methods of expression are specially adapted to it. He has little felicity of style; and it is no exaggeration to say that on style an essayist depends. Now and then, indeed, we seem to catch the tone of the elder Hazlitt, but when this is the case his faults as a man of letters rather than his virtues are imitated. Some of Mr. Carew Hazlitt's assertions appear more startling than just. When he writes that Landor survived his fame, or that Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" continues to be reprinted because it appeals "to two classes of buyers—people who do not read at all, and people who think Shakespeare would have succeeded better if he had been an University man," when he suggests that readers admire Scott's admirable tale of "Redgauntlet" not for its own sake, but because it belongs to a famous series of novels; and when he sneers at Lord Tennyson for receiving—as why should he not?—

golden guineas for his verse. Mr. Hazlitt seems to us more captious than critical. And is it not a little contradictory to write of Sir Joshua Reynolds as a man of genius, and of his portraits as "delightful examples of ease and finish," and then to add, "they are portraits and nothing else; mere conventional, insipid, mechanical resemblances"? We like Mr. Hazlitt better as a narrator than as a critic. He relates once more the story of the forger and poisoner Wainewright, whose name as a journalist is associated with those of William Hazlitt, Procter, and Charles Lamb; and to Lamb himself an essay is devoted, the chief interest of which consists in extracts from the letters written by Mary Lamb to Miss Stoddart, who was afterwards William Hazlitt's wife. "Coleridge Abroad," the paper with which the volume opens, is also well worthy of perusal; but of the twenty-seven essays that form the book the greater number may be regarded as fairly good magazine articles. They contain little in matter or in style that deserves to be published in a more permanent shape.

THE POLES, NORTH AND SOUTH.

Grand is not too strong an epithet to apply to the two noble volumes, appropriately covered in navy blue and appropriately dedicated to our "Sailor Prince," the Duke of Edinburgh, and to the officers of the Royal Navy, in which, under the title of *Voyages of Discovery in the Arctic and Antarctic Seas and Round the World*: by Deputy Inspector-General N. McCormick, R.N., F.R.C.S. (Sampson Low and Co.), a gallant octogenarian has published a series of wonderful narratives, written by his own pen, and profusely as well as admirably illustrated by his own pencil. Cato is said to have begun to learn Greek at eighty years of age, and that fact—if it be a fact—has been cited as proof of the old Roman's vitality and energy; but even Cato would have shrunk, no doubt, from the laborious and trying task of undertaking at eighty-four years of age to see two such stupendous volumes as these "through the press." The voluminous diaries, from which the bulk of the narratives is taken, had certainly been kept by the author religiously from the days of his youth, and were ready to his hand; some portions of the narratives had already been given to the public apparently; and everybody, it is gratifying to find, seems to have shown willingness and alacrity in assisting the veteran; but, even under the most favourable circumstances, the issue of such a mighty work was a Herculean effort for the most indomitable of medico-naval officers at so advanced an age. Numerous he modestly calls the charts, portraits, panoramic views, and illustrations of all sorts by which the two volumes are rendered almost incredibly interesting and useful; he might, without much exaggeration, have described them rather as innumerable.

To give a detailed account of what is contained in the two gigantic volumes is utterly impossible; but a brief statement of their general purport will probably suffice. There are four "parts," together with appendices and an index. The first part, as chronological order—for satisfactory reasons—is not followed, is concerned with the famous "voyage of Her Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror to the South Polar Seas under the command of Captain Sir James Clark Ross, R.N., F.R.S., during the years 1839-1843;" the second, with the memorable "attempt to reach the North Pole in the year 1827 by Admiral Sir William Parry, R.N., F.R.S.;" the third, with a "voyage to Wellington Channel in search of Sir John Franklin," in 1852-3, a voyage in which the author himself held the chief command; the fourth, with a simple, straightforward, sailor-like autobiography. In the appendices there is some explanatory correspondence, besides

other matters of an official kind, and there are the author's own "plans for reaching the North and South Poles." English readers are never tired of reading about the ill-starred Franklin and Polar expeditions; and the narratives referring thereto may be left without comment to be devoured with the usual avidity.

It may be worth while, however, to borrow a few pieces of information which will enlighten those readers who may be forgiven if, at this distance of time, they have forgotten all they ever knew about the "ancient mariner" now reappearing—like the spirit of the past—to claim their respectful attention. The author, a medico-naval officer and the son of a medico-naval officer, was born in antediluvian times—that is, in the year 1800, before Trafalgar and Waterloo—at the village of Runham, near Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, where he passed the first six years of his life, "not very far from the birthplace of the immortal Nelson," who was himself a "Polar man." The author received an appointment as Assistant-Surgeon in the Navy in 1823; and, having received his certificate as full surgeon, was appointed, in 1827, to Captain Parry's ship for the North Polar Expedition. Henceforth he may be said to have had Arctic exploration on the brain. He had begun his career, however, by serving his apprenticeship with "Yellow Jack" in the West Indies, whither he was sent again after his return from the more congenial regions of ice and aurora borealis. Whenever he was ashore, which was more frequently perhaps than he would have desired, if it had not been for the bad ships it was his lot to obtain and the hateful stations to which it was his fate to be sent, he appears to have availed himself, with a good sense and a diligence which were far less common and far less commonly encouraged in his day than they now are, of any chance that offered of attending lectures and improving himself in the theoretical part of his profession and in general scientific knowledge. He appears, moreover, to have performed some very creditable journeys as a pedestrian, anticipating the "tramps abroad" of Mr. E. P. Weston, and qualifying himself to compete, had there been such a title in his day, for the honourable designation of "the world's heel-and-toe champion."

In fact, no more active officer, anxious and careful to keep his mental and bodily faculties in the condition most favourable for the successful accomplishment of Arctic enterprises, ever administered a dose of medicine, one would think, to a reluctant "bluejacket." But yet, sad to say, he is a disappointed man at the end of his long and meritorious career. That is evident from the tone of his volumes, as well as from some of the printed documents contained therein, though it would be too much to assume that his desire to "put his case" before the public was predominant in his mind when he determined to combine some thrilling and valuable narratives with a statement of grievances. The ways of men in high places are certainly strange: they seem—and perhaps they only seem—to revel, like the Roman Fortuna according to Horace, in a cruel practical joke. They seem—and perhaps they only seem—to postpone a long deserved promotion until the promoted has to be "retired" before he can possibly serve the time required for the next promotion. It looks and sounds very odd; but perhaps it is one of those apparent injustices which must be.

Mr. Justice Field has appointed Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, of the South-Eastern Circuit and Recorder of Deal, to be a revising barrister for Mid-Kent and the Borough of Greenwich, in place of Mr. Ernest Baggallay.

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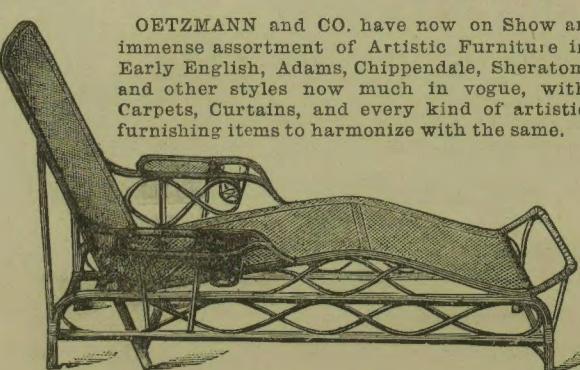
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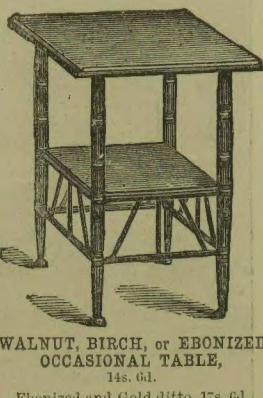
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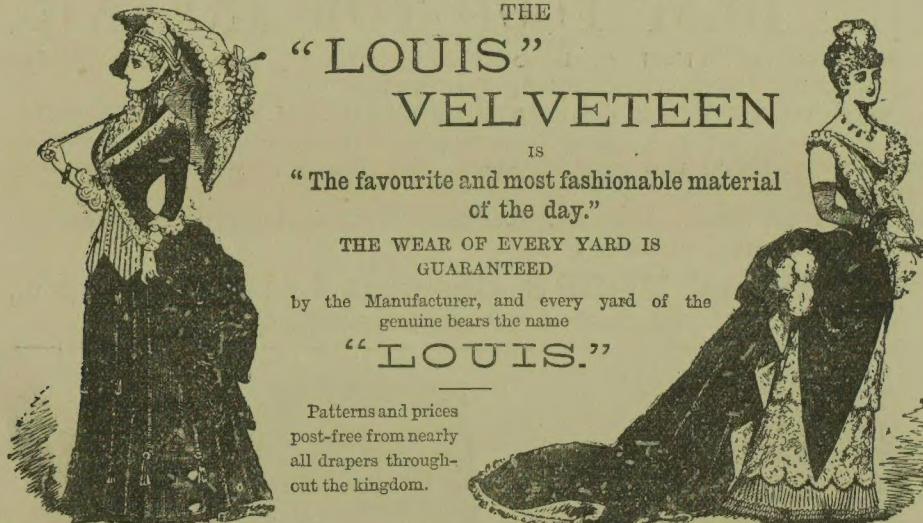


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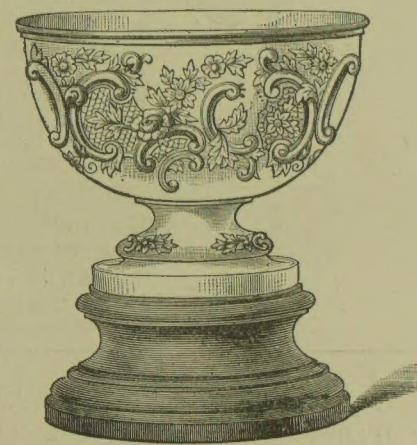
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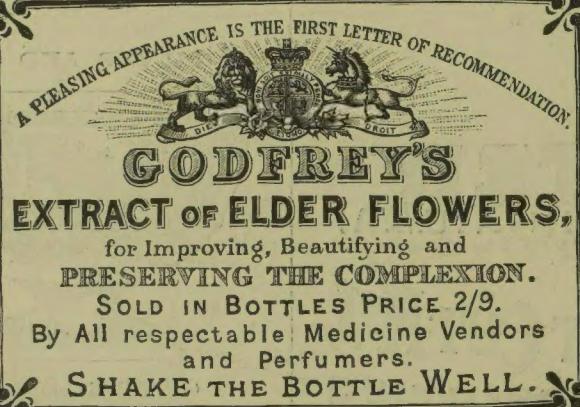
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